

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1870.

The Week.

THE Senate finally passed the Funding Bill on Friday, by a vote of 32 to 10. It has discussed the House Georgia Bill as reported back by the Judiciary Committee without alteration, Mr. Trumbull paying his respects to Gov. Bullock and defending the shelved senator, Mr. Hill, by contrast with Mr. Blodgett, whose Unionism is not nearly above suspicion. On Thursday, Mr. Ferry tried to introduce a very sensible and practical resolution to the effect that treaties of annexation of foreign territory should hereafter be considered in open session. On Friday, Mr. Fenton brought in an important bill to regulate the use and tariffs of ocean cables. Mr. Sumner offered on Monday a resolution directing the national banks and the Treasury to prepare for resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1871. The Army Reduction Bill has formed the staple of discussion in the House, and was passed on Thursday with feeble opposition. Mr. Kelley, happening to differ with Gen. Logan, was twitted as to his disagreeable and rather resonant voice, which gave him an opportunity of saying that, harsh as it might be, it had never harmonized with the clashing of chains and the groans of bondmen. To this the War Democrat retorted that he had stricken off more chains than Mr. Kelley himself or his ancestors had ever done, and he wouldn't mind even throwing in the posterity of the gentleman from Pennsylvania. The Tariff Bill had a brief period of debate on Friday, the Deficiency Bill getting much more attention. In the course of the debate on the latter, Mr. Cox sought to irritate Mr. Dawes by enquiring why he made so good a financial record for the Administration in New Hampshire, after his famous attack upon it in the House. The question was perhaps not wholly impertinent. The House voted to admit Texas on Tuesday.

Mr. Sherman's funding bill has passed the Senate. Under it, \$400,000 five per cent. ten-forties, the same amount of four and a half per cent. fifteen-forties, and the same amount of four per cent. twenty-forties, are to be issued, and the national banks are to be compelled to substitute them—one-third of each denomination—for the five-twenties they now deposit with the Government as security for their circulation, and as many new banks as please may start on deposit of the four per cent. bonds to be issued in return for greenbacks. Not one of these loans is likely to sell at par, so that not one of them will pay simply the nominal rate of interest assigned to it in the act, and except as regards the bonds the banks are to be forced to buy, all the interest the Government will save by the conversion will be what it will save on the bonds deposited by the banks, or about one and a half per cent. on \$300,000,000, amounting in all to about \$4,500,000. Indeed, even this saving will be cut off by the funding of greenbacks for four per cent. bonds by new banks, as this will convert a non-interest-bearing into an interest-bearing debt. This funding of the greenbacks would, of course, involve contraction of the currency—a feature which will probably be stricken from the bill in the House, or cause the defeat of the measure, though it is really in the nature of a compromise, as 80 per cent. of greenbacks called in would be reissued in bank bills.

The Georgia Bill, or rather the Bingham amendment, has been debated vigorously in the Senate, Mr. Trumbull doing most of the work on Monday. The galleries were crowded with colored people, an announcement having been made by mistake in the Washington colored churches, last Sunday, that Mr. Revels would speak—an incident with a good deal of pathos in it, whatever the quality of the speech may be, and however much one may wish, for the sake of his race, that he had fairly won his position, instead of being, as it were, flung into it. Mr. Trumbull went over, once more, the history of the reconstruction of Georgia, the following of which really begins to require mental training of no common order. We have frequently made feeble efforts to carry it

down to the reorganization of the present Legislature by military officers, and the election of a second brace of senators. Here we take up the wondrous tale under Mr. Trumbull's guidance. It appears that in this new patent Legislature there are members who never went through the little formality of being elected at all by anybody, but who sit, like the European monarchs, by the grace of God. Nine members got in by having the next highest number of votes to candidates who were afterwards declared ineligible, but whose ineligibility was not known or thought of at the time of voting—an ingenious perversion of the parliamentary rule, which declares invalid all votes cast for persons *obviously* ineligible. One member elect was entrapped into signing a petition to be released from his political disabilities, by being made to believe that he was laboring under disabilities when he really was not, and then, on his petition, was ousted from his seat. And now come Governor Bullock and his confederates in office, and ask Congress not only to admit the State to the Union once more, with a Legislature thus constituted, which Congress, for the sake of peace and quiet, is willing to do, but to seat these worthies in their offices for two years beyond the time for which they were elected. The object of the Bingham amendment is to prevent this monstrous swindle. Mr. Trumbull gave it as his opinion that, if this could be done, there was nothing to prevent Congress keeping them in office for an unlimited time, as we took the liberty of remarking last week. To crown all, the present Legislature has elected two senators, who should rightfully be chosen by the Legislature to be elected next fall.

The whole process, since the Senate decided to begin reconstructing the State the second time, has been one well calculated to alarm as well as disgust every friend of free government on this continent. It has consisted in the surrender of a great community, fresh from a civil war, to probably as bad a lot of political tricksters and adventurers as ever got together in one place, to have all its places of trust and profit scrambled for by them under military superintendence, and by means of nearly every device known to the gambling-house, the mock-auction room, and the thimble-rigger's table; and all this in the presence of a large, newly enfranchised, and very ignorant constituency, to whom the very forms of Government, not to speak of its principles, are still unfamiliar. And to make the shame and humiliation all the greater, all this has been done under pretence of establishing "a republican form of Government," and securing "equal rights for all." We must say, that we think the silence or acquiescence of the Republican press, with a few honorable exceptions, in this disgraceful procedure, does it little credit, and certainly has not helped the party, as time, we know, will show.

The cry now comes from Washington that not only ought the Bingham amendment to be struck out of the bill, but the whole State ought to be relegated to military government, pure and simple, and kept there for the next four years, owing to the outrages on the line of the Brunswick and Albany Railroad, and the threats of the "rebel press" as to what they will do when they get the State into their own hands once more. We should like to ask, seriously, those who talk in this way, whether they really believe that at the end of the four years the condition of public sentiment in the State would be any better than it is now, or as good? Whether they ever heard of a community being trained into peaceableness, love of order, and respect for law by a "military government," which was simply another name for the rule of a hated and despised faction, composed largely of worthless adventurers? Whether there is any State in the Union in which people's blood would not be made to boil in their veins by such a spectacle in their capital as that which the Georgians have been witnessing in theirs during the last three months? Whether they really believe in the old European doctrine that men can be cudgelled and bayoneted into good behavior, and have totally abandoned the American one, that all the political and social virtues, like nearly all the other good things of this world, are the results of growth, and slow

growth too? How long do they think the political habits of the American people—which have hitherto been the salvation of the Government—their respect for the forms of law, their love of peaceful discussion, their willingness to abide by the results of elections, their confidence in official integrity, will survive if the policy now pursued, or threatened, in Georgia be persisted in? If a minority has only to cook up stories of “outrages,” of “riots,” and denials of justice, and run with them to Washington, to be able to get the State Government overturned, how long would it be before we were in the condition of Mexico, with a distinct and well-marked civil war in each State, our Federal army roaming from one to the other, fighting a little here and fighting a little there; setting up “a republican form of government” in one place, chasing a dictator in another, and so on? General Butler is said to be busy with his bill providing for the application of the Georgia policy to Tennessee, and its introduction may now happen any day; but, if the Republican party commits itself to any more of these follies, it may as well make up its mind to receiving its quietus the next time the country gets a chance at it.

The *Commercial Advertiser*, of this city, by-the-by, expresses its surprise that we should make such frequent reference to this worthy gentleman, and thinks some private grief must be at the bottom of the attentions we lavish on him. Let us say once for all, that the chastisement of personal enemies in the *Nation* is a luxury which nobody connected with it permits himself. We are aware that some members of the editorial fraternity think the opportunities which editing affords for venting private spites one of the principal advantages of the profession, but we believe the better portion of the civilized world looks on all such use of a newspaper as ruffianly and cowardly; and we share that opinion. We have no acquaintance with General Butler, never have had, and never shall have; and have received no injury from him except such as we have received from Messrs. Tweed, Sweeny, Fisk, jr., and Mr. Justice Barnard. The reason why we make such frequent reference to him is, that he is an active and prominent member of the House, makes from two to three speeches a week on public affairs, has a following of Republican members who aid him in attacks on the public credit and other works of mischief, and enjoys the confidence of a great many “moral” brethren up in Massachusetts, and has for some time past been altogether one of the most potent powers of evil in the Republican party. Our political criticism, we wish it to be distinctly understood, we do not serve out, as some people think we ought, like grog in the navy—so many gills a week to each man, and no favor to any; we make distinctions. Upon the lively and restless and influential we expend, as is proper, more than on others; and this is the duty of all newspapers. It is not their business to distribute praise and blame in equal rations, but to inform the public judgment about the most prominent political phenomena, and especially to keep public attention fixed on the knaves. The good men and the simpletons may occasionally be allowed to get out of sight, but your thoroughpaced knaves need constant watching.

The *Worcester Spy* accuses us of having done Mr. Sumner injustice in our comments on his “pivotal propositions” about the conversion of the public debt, and then aggravates the matter by some absurdity of its own. The fact is, we dealt very leniently with the “propositions” in question. We cannot spare space to quote them entire again. They will be found in last week's *Nation*. The first proposition is that, if you “reduced sixes to fives, millions would be released [from what?] to seek investment,” etc. The second, that “the reduction to four or four and a half per cent. would release millions more.” The *Spy* says that the orator here meant that foreign capital would flow in to take the place of native capital, and thus release the latter—a process of which the *Nation* had just been approving. Suppose he did, what would the propositions amount to then? Why, simply to an assertion that the reduction of the interest would draw foreign capital, and that, the more we reduced it, the more millions of it would come to us; in other words, it is the high rate of the present interest which now keeps it out! The speaker, therefore, became quite pathetic in calling on Congress to cut down the interest, for the sake of enterprise, commerce, manufactures, railroads, and all sorts of things. But we

shall now show that the orator did not mean what the *Spy* says he meant. He says, further on, that, “without any adverse intention, the National Government is a victorious competitor, and the defeated parties are those very interests whose success is so important to the country.” Now he here evidently supposes, either that the Government has certain money which its creditors would withdraw if it lowered its interest, or that it is in the market trying to borrow at a high rate of interest, neither of which is true. It has no money belonging to anybody, and it is not a borrower in the market. It is, therefore, not a competitor of any kind with anybody. It did borrow money during the war, but it has spent it all, and owes it now. The only competition that goes on about its securities goes on between private investors. If it issued a new loan at a lower rate of interest, it would not affect investors at all, unless it repudiated as against actual holders; new purchasers would only buy at their own rates, and the relation of its securities to railroad and other securities would remain exactly where it was. We have, therefore, not been unfair to Mr. Sumner. No newspaper could pass over such statements, coming from a man in his position, who is actually giving people lessons in finance, without neglecting its duty to the public. He has at this moment two financial bills before Congress, and is evidently devoting himself seriously to the subject.

The so-called Piegan massacre has been much talked of during the week, and Gen. Logan has seized upon it to withdraw the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department from his bill to reorganize the army. It is difficult to consider dispassionately an event which is, and cannot but be, a distressing one, and yet we fear that the blame—as indicated by Gen. Logan's action as well as by the comments of the press—has thus far been fixed upon those not justly responsible. The fact is, that Montana is a military district with probably the greatest number of Indians and the fewest number of troops, and that last summer the Piegans became conspicuous for their depredations and outrages, but, for the reasons just given, could not be subdued. The Interior Department explicitly surrendered the charge of them to the War Department, and the mode of dealing with them then fell under military rules and necessities. Gen. Sheridan's plan was to wait till they were encamped for the winter, and in a condition to be surprised with the least resistance, and then to attack them suddenly and inflict the heaviest sort of punishment. This was what Col. Baker, an able officer, accomplished, though, as it appears, he found but few of the Piegan warriors in camp, and killed a large number of the women and children, among whom small-pox was also at work. His prisoners consisted of about 100 of the latter, whom he presently let go on account of the disease. As there is no evidence to show that a non-combatant camp was purposely selected, the only question is, whether more women and children were killed than was absolutely unavoidable in an indiscriminate attack. On this point we do not get light, and it may be some time before we shall, though Gen. Sherman has ordered an exact report from Col. Baker. Meantime, it is well to remember how difficult it is among Indians to distinguish the sexes by their dress, especially when in their lodges, and in the early hour of morning at which it was deemed prudent to make the assault. That there was some restraint is clear from the fact that the whole body were not sacrificed; perhaps there might have been more, but we have not now the means of judging.

The real cause of grief and shame is contained not in the military manœuvre *per se*, nor even in the excess of bloodshed that may have attended it, but the fact that we are still, after so many years, at war with the Indians, and without any manifest intention, as a nation, to keep our faith with them and protect them from border ruffians. In the fall of 1867, Gen. Sherman, at the head of a commission authorized by Congress to make peace with the Indians, met them and made treaties afterwards ratified by the Senate—all in the most formal and authoritative manner; indeed, the tribes had never before been approached on such an errand by so weighty representatives of the Government and people. The Secretary of the Interior has just called the attention of Congress and the country to the pledge made by both Houses that the treaties of 1867, when ratified by the Senate, should

be binding, and to the persistent refusal of the House, ever since, to make appropriations necessary to carry them out. The consequence has been that the Indians who wished to be peaceful have gone unfed, and have had the strongest temptations to plunder. That they have not done so more generally is not to be attributed to the immediate resistance they would have encountered. The House, from its now habitual jealousy of the Senate, by pretending that it never sanctioned the treaties recognized by act of Congress, subject to the Senate's ratification—which was given, as we said—is really responsible for the miserable state of things now existing in the Indian country.

The custom of Congress, if not Congress itself, is chargeable directly with the fate of the Piegiens. Last August, Gen. Sully, the Indian Superintendent at Helena, wrote to Commissioner Parker as follows:

"I intend to do all I can to arrest some of the citizens, who, about ten days ago, committed the cowardly murder of a harmless old man and a boy about fourteen years old at Fort Benton. They were Piegiens (a part of the Blackfeet nation). These Indians were shot in broad daylight in the streets of the town. I think I can arrest the murderers, but doubt very much if I can convict them in any court. Nothing can be done to ensure peace and order till there is a military force here strong enough to clear out the roughs and whiskey-sellers in the country; but I will do all I can, with the limited means in my power, to prevent a war or any serious difficulties between the whites and Indians."

Now, will it be believed that the Indian Committees of both Houses are generally so constituted as to have a majority of members from the representatives of these "roughs and whiskey-sellers"—that portion, at least, of our border population which is thoroughly and bitterly hostile to the Indians, and desirous of their utter extermination? Yet such is the case, and, so long as it is, we venture to believe that we shall never see the end of our Indian troubles. If the experience of half a century of Indian agencies, broken treaties, squatter encroachments, massacres, and wars little better than massacres, has not taught us that the white population of the border is essentially unfitted to do justice to the tribes or to live in peace with them, then it is plain we shall never learn anything; and the Kansas representative has a prescriptive right to be put on the Committee in whose hands, more than in any other, the American character for good faith, humanity, and belief in its own ideas now reposes.

The heavy fall in gold, mainly owing to our large cotton and other exports, and to the Treasury sales, combined with the slight reflux of silver from Canada during the last two or three weeks, excited the expectation in a good many people's minds that we were going to get back to specie payments by mere momentum, and without anybody taking any special pains in the matter; and sneers at the "political economists" and the "theoretical financiers" began to be heard, and more of that wise old talk about abolishing "the Gold Room" by law, as the cause of all the mischief; on the theory, apparently, that, if you "stand by," as the sailors say, and, the minute gold reaches par, shut up the doors of that accursed den with a bang, at par gold will stay evermore hereafter. Without dwelling upon the plan of getting out of a gale by smashing the barometer, let us say that the gold's reaching par in the Gold Room in speculative sales, or sales of small quantities, would not enable the Government or the banks to resume specie payments. To resume specie payments, it is not sufficient to show people, when they bring in their paper, the latest bulletins of the Gold Exchange; you have to pay the coin over the counter, and not on one day or two, but as long as people choose to demand it. You have, in other words, not only to resume, but to keep resuming. If the Government and the banks were to offer gold for paper, and the public thought, as it certainly might fairly think now, that their supply of it was too small to hold out, there would be a rush to get what there was, and the resumption would last just long enough to create what is called a "financial flurry." A turn in exchange at this moment, which might occur any moment, under the influence of a rapid revival of speculation in Europe, or a falling off in our exports here, would give gold a rapid upward tendency; and, in fact, such a tendency has appeared within the last two or three days.

The report of the evidence taken at Yokohama regarding the loss of the *Oneida*, goes to show that the captain of the *Bombay* knew he had done serious damage to an American ship, an English naval officer at Yo-

kohama proving that he said to him after his arrival that "he had cut the quarter off a damned Yankee frigate," and that it served her right, or words to that effect. This indication of his state of mind undoubtedly goes some way to explain how it was he did not go back to the succor of the crew of the sinking ship or hear her signals of distress. He was evidently in a rage, and was not disposed to hear or see anything that would put him to any inconvenience. Upon the question who was to blame for the collision, we are not competent to pass an opinion, but experts say that the *Oneida*, being under sail, had the right of way. A piece of worse brutality than his performance is hardly to be found in the annals of the sea, and it merits what we fear it will not receive—a conviction for manslaughter, and the heaviest sentence the law allows. But then, if he is not to blame for the collision, the worst probably that can happen him is the loss of his situation and the withdrawal of his certificate, which would also drive him from his profession, and, as he is an elderly man, would not be a light penalty, but yet not a sufficient one. We doubt if he can be made criminally responsible, because the law does not compel a man to be actively humane. The one consoling feature in the affair was the behavior of the *Oneida's* officers and crew, which seems to have been perfect; and to behave perfectly at death's door is all that man can expect of men.

Some of the reasoning on the affair—not much we admit—has been of a slightly mysterious kind. In the first place, the disaster hardly affords a sufficient basis for the generalization, which we have seen hinted at in one or two papers, that ramming the ships of friendly powers at sea, and then leaving the crews to drown, is a common practice in the British commercial marine. Nor do we see why the statement of the captain of the *Smidt*, that, while lying-to in a tremendous gale, two English ships passed him and failed to show their ensigns in answer to his, should, on account of the *Oneida* affair, be printed in italics. Is it supposed they had thoughts of sinking the *Smidt*, and didn't want any possible survivors to know who had done it? Or were they pirates? Moreover, we do not see how the conduct of the *Bombay* strengthens Mr. Pumpelly's account of the running down of the Chinese boat which he witnessed on board the Shanghai steamer. Mr. Pumpelly's position is, as we understand it, that the American and British residents in China, like Americans and Englishmen everywhere, not only disregard the rights of men of races which they consider as "inferior," but do not entertain towards them the common feelings of humanity, and run down junks in the Chinese seas with little or no compunction. Had Captain Eyre thought the *Oneida* was a junk, his conduct would undoubtedly help to support Mr. Pumpelly; but it appears that he knew what the *Oneida* was; and, even if he did not know to what nationality she belonged, his long experience in Eastern seas must have made him familiar with the difference between an American frigate and a Japanese junk, whether seen by night or by day. It is, we believe, not maintained by Mr. Pumpelly, or anybody else, that Americans and English seamen look on each other as only fit to be food for the fishes, or as they look on Chinamen.

A fresh complication has been introduced into Spanish affairs by the killing of Prince Henri de Bourbon, in a duel, by the Duc de Montpensier, the effect on the Duke's pretensions to the throne being likely to prove unfavorable. Besides this, there is no news from Spain of much consequence. Mr. Fish has made a statement of some importance with regard to her relations with the United States, which he declares are very cordial—the Spaniards having shown every possible regard for American "susceptibilities," as the French say, short of stopping the war in Cuba. He also adds, that a large number of the stories received of outrages on American citizens in the island have either been inventions or gross exaggerations.

The remainder of the foreign news is not very interesting, except that from Rome. Count Daru has made, unofficially, some very strong protests against the doctrine of infallibility, and hints that, if adopted, it will be impossible for the French troops to remain in Rome. Austria is said to have joined France in demanding the admission of lay representatives of these powers to the Council. The Pope and his adherents, however, are said to be as obstinate as ever.

THE ROMAN MOTH AND THE ROMAN CANDLE.

It seems that, at the very outset, the public assumed a wrong attitude with regard to the Ecumenic Council. No doubt, to the artist or to the poet who loves the images of the past, such a grand *mise-en-scène* of a long-shelved drama is justly interesting. The philosopher, too, delights in such unsought opportunities to study the workings of that divine instinct which, though dimmed and overruled in private life by man's freedom of will, reappears so strikingly in the collective doings of mankind, weaving "God's garment" (as the Earth Spirit says to Faust) with unconscious shuttles that know not why and whither they move. But this kind of interest is called forth by the mere fact, by the knowledge that in 1869 an Ecumenic Council was convoked, by the strangeness of its avowed aims and purposes, and perhaps, aesthetically at least, by the imposing spectacle of its opening ceremony. The actual doings of a Roman Church parliament, the details of its daily history, are not only of very questionable importance, but are, in this case, most carefully and, on the whole, successfully concealed from the world.

Now, in private life, we are in the habit of respecting other people's secrets, provided we know them to be innocent and harmless secrets. When two begin to whisper, the third steps aside or opens a book, and, when the two whisperers have closeted themselves in the adjoining room, who would think of listening at the door or peeping through the key-hole! It is different, of course, in cases of danger. In warfare, espionage and bribery are held legitimate, and nobody would blame an oppressed people for keeping an army of spies round the stronghold of the oppressor. But in this case of the Roman Council we have to do only with a would-be oppressor. Those who are apparently oppressed by him are so only because and inasmuch as they wish to be oppressed. For mental slavery is very unlike social or political bondage. The mental slave is free, only he does not know it, as Hegel says. If these slaves became conscious of their freedom, they would, at once, cease to be slaves without any fight or struggle, and would consequently require neither spies nor soldiers. Much less would contented slaves require such services. In the absence of any appreciable danger and of any reasonable ground for defensive espionage, we must conclude that the listening at the door is, in this case, a sign of ordinary curiosity. This is the more probable, as most of those who have gone to Rome for this purpose are persons that have outgrown the object of their curiosity, who neither love nor hate nor fear him, and who would listen to the thunders of the Vatican with the same æsthetic emotions as the Parisians listen to Meyerbeer's perfect thunder in the *Africaine*.

All that is really interesting and noteworthy about this Roman Council lies on the surface, or, at any rate, in depths accessible to any ordinary thinker, whether he be bodily present or not. It lies in the characteristic wantonness and imprudence suddenly displayed by a power which for centuries had shown itself to be a model of tact and shrewdness. It lies in this, that the convoking of this assembly was an uncalled-for, inopportune, and dangerous step, as will at once be seen on examining its possible results. And it lies in the fact that this uncalled-for, inopportune, and dangerous step was suggested and advocated by the adepts of that very order whose leading principles are masterly inactivity, expediency, and caution. When Jesuits blunder—in the highest sense they always do so—but when they blunder in the worldly sense of the word, they must be ill indeed, and badly off. And this is (in medical parlance) an interesting case, which may well test one's powers of diagnosis and prognosis, though it would be an idle occupation to note down every word that falls from the sick man's feverish lips.

But have the Jesuits really committed a blunder? A few considerations will suffice to show that they have.

The Roman Church pretends to be the trustee of absolute truth. Immobility must, therefore, be her principle, or rather her nature. That is consistent. But, if you put anything immovable into this world which cannot help moving, friction is the unavoidable consequence. The Roman Church has not failed to perceive this, either, and to take it into due consideration. She has, from time immemorial, endeavored to lessen this attritus chiefly by retarding the movement of the outer

world, but also by lubricating her own surface and by imparting to it a very considerable degree of elasticity. In fact, the Roman Church is easy-going, on the whole, and rarely mean. She is ever ready to waive minor points, and, though shaving and draping her priests at Rome, allows beards in Armenia and secular frocks in *partibus infidelium*. She does not like thwarting or offending anybody. She never says *no*, if she can possibly help it, and, if hard pressed for an answer, does not go beyond the *non possumus*, the mildest form of the negative. To avoid saying *no*, she avoids conflicts, and, above all, discussion, and generally prefers passive resistance to active opposition. This singular aversion to saying *no* has been one of the most characteristic features of Roman diplomacy in secular as well as in ecclesiastical matters. When the name of a foreign bishop or canon designated by his government is sent for approval to Rome (which is done, according to existing treaties, either through the ambassador or through an agent appointed *ad hoc* by the Papal See), the unfortunate nominee has always to wait a very long time, even for a favorable reply. But should he not be deemed acceptable, Rome does not refuse her sanction, but simply confines herself to saying nothing at all either in word or writing. So well established is this custom that it is generally understood that, if no answer has arrived in two years, the chances are against the candidate. And when four years have elapsed, a new nomination may safely be resorted to. Such is the urbanity of the Roman Shepherd; at least the sheep of his flock, however rustic they may be, accept it as such, and it has worked remarkably well so far. Unlike the human eye, which owes its long range of vision to its power of accommodation, the Roman Church owes its power of accommodation to its farsightedness. By never refusing, by never arguing, and by letting well alone as long as possible, it has managed to outlive the intellectual storms that have raged around it, and to preserve, if not its life, an imposing continuity of historical existence.

But, if this oiliness was found so useful in the olden times, when the secular wheel revolved but slowly, it obviously became doubly necessary in the midst of modern fastness. Formerly the axle-tree could, by not oiling itself, act as a brake, and beyond a little creaking there was no unpleasantness. But should it begin jarring now, with a fly-wheel spinning round it, it would "infallibly" catch fire. Hitherto Rome seems to have been rightly guided by its instincts. Up to the sixteenth century, the church used to open her lips for argument and discussion at the rate of rather more than once in every century, nineteen Councils having been held in fifteen hundred years. But, when the day of modern civilization began to dawn, these lips were closed, and have remained closed for three hundred years, no Council having been held since the Council of Trent. Now, it is a fact that, during this long period of silence and passivity, a good many usages and habits of thought have become traditional among the faithful. These usages and habits of thought would probably require revising and sifting in the interest of truth. But the Roman Church itself could gain nothing by such a revision, and might lose much. Even some creeds have become traditionally established. The uneducated masses know nothing about the Pseudo-Isidorian Decretals or about the *Decretum* of Gratian; but a confused echo of those old controversies reaches somehow their unlearned ears. If they misinterpret it, their mistake, *provided they err on the right side*, is not likely to be corrected by the priests, and the consequence is that generation after generation is allowed to grow up in certain ideas, and even doctrines, which become dear to them by the very force of habit, but which never had any legal foundation or official sanction, which were, in fact, never proclaimed by the church, but which, on the other hand, were never refuted, condemned, or even declared questionable.

One of these purely traditional doctrines is that of Papal infallibility. It is quite certain that, until last year, the great bulk of the Roman Catholics believed, as a matter of course, that the head of their church must either be infallible, or cease to be viewed as the vicar of Christ. There was good logic in this. Learned theologians may have had some doubts about the matter, or may have made some subtle distinction between personal and *ex-cathedra* infallibility. But, if they made such distinctions or had some doubts, they certainly kept them to themselves. The world knew nothing about it, and the Pope en-

joyed his infallibility as undisturbedly as he could ever reasonably expect.

Why, then, not let well alone? What could the Roman Church gain by swerving from its time-honored habits of caution, to which it owes so much, merely for the sake of ratifying a doctrine which had already become, to say the least, a popular belief, and by thus opening the eyes of the faithful, for the first time in their lives, on the questionable soundness of what they had justly considered as a fundamental axiom, and as a corner-stone of their church? If the new dogma was intended as a means of overawing Gallicanism, and of gradually withdrawing the privileges and concessions granted in former times to the national churches, the miscalculation was so obvious and so gross as to be unworthy of even the youngest of Loyola's novices. The sullen attitude of the German Catholics, and the really threatening attitude of the Armenians, go far to show this.

Again, one must ask, What possessed the sovereign head of the church, who wielded absolute and undisputed power, to rake up the question of competency, and to begin talking of the constitution of the church, of the balance of its authorities, and the rights of the Council? If the Pope, as the whole Catholic world admits, has alone the power of convoking the Council, and if at the same time he has the power of never convoking it at all, the power and the rights of this Council become obviously as nugatory as its existence; and to raise the question as to whether the Council is superior to the Pope, or the Pope superior to the Council, seems idle and fanciful. None of the venerable bishops now assembled in Rome ever dreamt of being invested with legislative powers; and, if they had not been called away from their flocks and homes, such ambitious ideas would surely never have entered into their heads. In 1849, Mazzini wrote a pamphlet, under the title "Dal Papa al Concilio," proposing an appeal from the Pope to the Council. But in 1849 the Pope was an exile at Gaeta, and the Romans, though not appointing an anti-pope, had, in a fit of petulant humor, excommunicated the Pope. Consequently, in the Roman dictator's eyes, there was no Pope at that time, and an appeal to the ever-potential Council, as a kind of constituent power, seemed natural enough. The bishops may constitute themselves as a revolutionary body—the case is at least imaginable. But a Pope cannot be expected to invite them to sit in judgment over him.

One is, in fact, at a loss to understand the motives that may have prompted the Pope to convoke this assembly. The only plausible hypothesis is that the church has lost her old instincts. The Jesuits have for once overshot the mark, and the Pope, who lives in blissful ignorance of the spirit of the age, and who has always been fond of playing with the insignia of his power, has eagerly availed himself of a rare opportunity for displaying the pomp of his court and the vastness of his empire. His famous Encyclical and his still more famous Syllabus show, however, that a wide and deep gulf—nay, a daily widening and daily deepening gulf, separates him from humanity and civilization. Till then the gulf had remained partly hidden and might have been ignored. But now who could walk across it without feeling giddy? The promulgation of the Syllabus was unmistakably a sign of despair, of impotent despair. To see in it an act of aggression or a formidable challenge would betray either a bad conscience or a weak mind. On reading the Syllabus, we know at once that by it the Vatican has played its highest card. It can say nothing stronger. The world knows the worst, then, and has heard the loudest thunder without being the worse for it. What, in fact, has happened during these six years that would not have happened without the Syllabus? Has Rome gained in influence and power, and has the world lost even an inch of ground, in consequence of its promulgation in 1864?

Why, then, protest against it in diplomatic notes, or confute its curious theses by any show of argument in books and pamphlets, in newspapers and public speeches? Even those two learned and accomplished gentlemen who have put their heads together, occipitally, at least, to form a Janus-head, what have they to say worth knowing in their four hundred pages, unless it were some mouldy learning leading to no standpoint and opening no new vista? It cannot be supposed that the Syllabus produced no impression on account of its not having the binding force of a dogma. If it had not, the lay world was not aware of

the defect, and accepted the document as emanating from the highest authority on earth. If the Council is now invited to give to some of the paragraphs the official dignity of a dogma, this very invitation, however fully obeyed, must still further weaken the already feeble effect of the Syllabus. The same may be said of the dogma of the Assumption, which, having been assumed so long, might have been left untampered with now. After having celebrated the 15th of August for fifteen centuries, the Catholic world must feel shocked and alarmed at the retrospective possibility that so many fireworks may have been let off in honor of an erroneous assumption.

And as to the infallibility, its discussion, having been neglected in the Middle Ages, should never have been brought on in the nineteenth century. If the Council is to decide, it can either ratify the doctrine or abrogate it. In the former case, the Pope would obtain nothing but what he practically had before. In the latter case, he would suffer a loss of power and prestige which might ultimately lead to curious changes in Roman Catholic ideas. In either case, to the outside world, the decrees of the Council would be what the *Index* is to the literary world—rather less than a curiosity.

THE NAVAL CONTROVERSY.

A CONTROVERSY has long existed between the two classes of officers in the Navy known as "the line" and "the staff." Many pamphlets have been written and much ink has been expended in the newspapers on both sides of the question, seemingly without convincing either party that the arguments of the other are inconclusive. During the past year the dispute has waxed warmer and more earnest than ever. Several bills have been presented to Congress, the provisions of which are designed to settle the contest, and the Naval Committees of both Houses have these projects under serious consideration.

The staff-officers—surgeons, paymasters, engineers, chaplains, professors of mathematics, naval constructors—urge that they are essential to complete naval organization; that, inasmuch as all their professional functions are performed for a military result, and under the requirements of military laws and tribunals, they are military men, and that their commands or orders to subordinates of their respective vocations are military, because they can be enforced only through the processes of military law. Their commissions are printed from the same plate, filled up on the same blanks, as those of the line. They are formally and legally alike in this respect. Both are appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; they alike hold their commissions under the same laws and conditions. They participate with the line in all the discomforts, privations, and perils incident to the vicissitudes of naval life both in war and in peace. The records of the late rebellion prove that staff-officers are killed and drowned in battle, die from exertion in the line of official duty, and suffer imprisonment at the hands of the enemy, like those of the line. Only one officer of the line and one of the staff escaped from the disaster which overtook the ill-fated *Owaida* in the waters of Japan. The notorious case of Passed Assistant-Surgeon Green shows that staff-officers are not exempted from the inflictions of military tribunals.

For such reasons staff-officers believe that their right to be considered military men is established. Being military men, they claim a position in the naval organization just as definite and fixed as the position of every officer of the line, which is to him individual and distinct, and impenetrable, for no two officers of the line can occupy the same position at the same time, because each is either superior or inferior to all others. Technically, the position of an officer is termed his rank. Practically, it is the measure of his authority, responsibility, privilege, and immunity; and, incidentally, of his personal convenience and comfort. The staff-people represent that they are unhappy, and suffer many inconveniences and slights at the hands of the line, because they possess no rank which the latter will recognize and respect.

While Secretary of the Navy, Mr. George Bancroft, in the year 1846, conferred on medical officers, in a general order, degrees of "rank with" certain grades of line officers; and with a view to abate their opposition to the measure, and in a spirit of compromise, he in

serted in the order a provision that "commanding and executive officers of whatever grade" should have precedence of all medical (staff) officers. Subsequently, the same degrees of "rank with" were conferred on paymasters and engineers; and all those general orders were legalized by Congress. Shortly after the commencement of the war of the rebellion several new grades were given to the line; and Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in 1863, gave to staff-officers, with the assent of the Cabinet, increased degrees of rank, in a general order or regulation. Within a few days after the advent of Vice-Admiral Porter to participation in the administration of naval affairs, this regulation of Mr. Welles was annulled, and consequently the staff-officers were degraded to the degrees of rank mentioned in the legalized general orders.

The line contumaciously opposed and evaded the practical observance of those general orders. It was, and is still, argued that there are no staff-officers in the navy. In a spirit of disparagement line-officers called them "non-combatants," although they were killed in battle; "civil officers," although they are held amenable to military laws and military tribunals; and, lately, "mere auxiliaries" and "necessary evils in the service." They urge that the words "rank with" mean, at most, "assimilated rank," and really signify nothing. If the Secretary had said, "shall have the 'rank of,'" no one could have cavilled about the meaning of the order. Even had he said "rank of," the proviso giving precedence to commanding and executive officers practically annulled the rank, because all officers in the performance of duty issue commands, and therefore all officers of the line are commanding officers, and, according to the expressed terms of the order, have precedence of all staff-officers. Again, every line-officer who executes an order is an executive officer, and entitled to precedence of all staff-officers. This must be the true construction, because the laws of the navy nowhere recognize or mention a grade of executive officers. The logical conclusion of the line from these premises and arguments is that the rank of staff-officers is purely nominal and possesses none of the properties of rank properly so called.

Another argument is, that rank and command are inseparable, although it is patent that line-officers of every grade are on leave of absence or waiting orders, and, consequently, are without command. Rank is determined by the commission, and is permanent under all circumstances; but command, or right to command, is derived from the orders of the President or Secretary of the Navy, which always describe and limit its sphere. Yet the dogma that rank and command are inseparable is pertinaciously adhered to, and put forward as a conclusive argument why it is impossible to give any rank to staff-officers. They say, to give them rank is, in fact, giving them the right to command ships, which would be most unreasonable, and very dangerous to the nation's interest in the Navy. It is alleged, too, on the part of the line, that naval discipline must be impaired, and the safety of our public ships imperilled, by giving a fixed position in the military body to mere civilians, who scorn to be regarded as men of inferior caste. One distinguished gentleman states that, in times past, he served when naval discipline was in high condition, and then the rank of "civil" officers was far inferior to what it is now, implying that the quality of discipline is contingent upon the degree of rank of staff-officers. "Flogging in the Navy and on board vessels of commerce" was abolished September 28, 1850. Prior to this date, it was urged that the abolition of the lash would be ruinous to "the discipline and good of the service," whatever that may be. But experience has demonstrated that those anticipations were as groundless as the evils which, it was said, must follow the Emancipation Act and the abolition of slavery in the United States.

It is pretended that, whatever degrees of rank Congress in its wisdom may confer on staff-officers, it is absolutely necessary for the "good of the service" that the executive officer, no matter how inferior his lineal rank may be, shall have precedence of them all. This is a pet notion, and has no more foundation in fact than had the arguments against the abolition of the lash and of slavery. There is no grade known as executive officer. His position in a ship is the same as that of an adjutant in the army. His function is to execute the

general orders of the officer in command, in relation to the police routine and regulations. His duties could be discharged by the junior as well as by the senior line-officer, and without conferring upon him any precedence additional to that which pertains to his lineal rank. As well argue that letter-carriers must have precedence of all officers to whom they convey orders from the Navy Department. The executive officer is simply the agent or actuary of his commander for certain purposes. The "officer of the deck" or "officer of the watch," who corresponds to the "officer of the day" in the army, may be of any grade or rank in the line. But no one ever refused to obey an order of the "officer of the deck" or of the "officer of the day" on the ground that he was of inferior rank to himself, and could not take precedence of him. By assumption, on one hand, and tame acquiescence, on the other, the executive officer has grown to be a dangerous rival of the commander. He calls himself "second in command." There are instances of executive officers who are said to believe that success in battle was due to themselves exclusively, and that they, and not their commanders, are entitled to the reward of merit.

A consequence of this long-continued controversy is that there are fifty-four vacancies in a body of medical officers which numbers two hundred when full, and there are few, if any, properly qualified candidates to fill them, while there are at least two hundred asking admission into the medical staff of the army. Besides lessening the attractions which belong to an honorable service, and so far increasing the Government's difficulty in procuring suitably qualified professional servants, it is detrimental to that spirit of brotherhood which is an element important, if not essential, to the efficiency and harmony of military organization.

"In the army," General Sherman says, in a recently published letter to Vice-Admiral Porter—"in the army, all our staff-officers have actual rank. They hold commissions from the President as generals, colonels, majors, captains, etc., which fix their pay, allowances, precedence, and privileges generally. But the sixty-second article of war establishes who is to command. If, upon marches, guard, or in quarters, different corps of the army shall happen to join or do duty together, the officer highest in rank of the line of the army, marine corps, or militia, by commission, then on duty or in quarters, shall command the whole, and give orders for what is needful to the service, unless otherwise specially directed by the President of the United States, according to the nature of the case. Therefore—and it frequently happens—when a captain or lieutenant finds himself senior, he commands the whole, though there may be under him surgeons, paymasters, quartermasters, etc., with commissions of colonel or major, who must obey his orders. So long as a line officer is present for duty, he must command. He cannot waive it, for the Government holds him especially responsible for whatever duty or enterprise the command may be engaged in. This is true as to the commanding officer, and is practically true as to the officer of the day, who corresponds with your officer of the deck, as also the adjutant, who simply executes the orders of his commanding officer. In all other respects the staff-officers have the full advantage of their rank. On the whole, our army system seems to work well in practice."

The staff-officers of the Navy ask Congress to place them on the same footing as staff-officers in the army. They feel assured that the system which experience has proved to work well in practice in the army will work equally well in the Navy. At any rate, it might be tried, for, if it should fail after sufficient trial to test it, Congress is always competent to remedy its defects by subsequent legislation. Numerically, the staff-officers are nearly equal to those of the line. They are equally interested in the efficiency of the Navy, and equally delight in the glories and popularity it has fairly won, and may still increase. They know that the brilliant fame of Farragut, Porter, and others throws some of its lustre upon themselves, because they believe that their faithful and zealous labors contributed to our heroes' success in the hour of danger and battle.

THE MYTH OF HAMLET.

How many of those eager listeners who have hung on the words of Booth or Fechter, night after night, have imagined that the Hamlet whom he so well presents to us is only a mythic impersonation of the

ripening ear of grain or of the lightning flash? We bow to the advance of scientific investigation, and give up the pretty fable of Llewellyn and his faithful Gellert, for we find it almost word for word in the *Hítopadesa*, where the Indian story teller narrates it of a Brahmin and his otter. We are even glad to have the contested identity of William Tell settled by finding that he is a representation of the sun whose rays shoot unerringly. But Shakespeare has breathed such life into all his characters—we know so well all their actions, we have seen them so often before our eyes, that we are sure they once existed. We relegate them, perhaps, when hard pressed, to Keltic England or to the early ages of Denmark; but they must have for us a local habitation and a name. We perhaps shall best note what progress mythological science—a creation of a dozen years—is making if we find that one of our most thoroughly-known heroes is shown to be a myth. It is singular what an effect the disproof or explanation of some familiar belief or character has on us; we are at once ready to give up most of our others; we admit, without a struggle, that Homer is a collection of popular ballads, and that the rape of Helen has some connection with the rising of the sun. Seeing that we must give up the theory which some of our pious school-teachers gave us, that Hercules was a reworking of the story of Samson, we begin even to suggest a mythological origin to Samson himself.

The story of Hamlet, as we well know, was derived by Shakespeare from the old Danish chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus, who tells many legends and tales of the old Danish princes. The story, as there given, is much the same as it is in Shakespeare, but the conclusion is different; for Amleth, as he is there called, burns up the palace with all the courtiers, and safely kills Feng, his adulterous and murderous uncle, after which he marries the daughters of the kings of Britain and Scotland, and lives a long time happily and well. The father of Amleth is Orwandil, the mother Gêrta, and the uncle Feng. Polonius and Ophelia both appear, but are unnamed. In the original, as well as in Shakespeare, Hamlet counterfeits madness in order to kill his uncle, and this slyness and cunning was a quality held in high esteem by the northern heroes. There is not in the original story the slightest trace of that indecision of character which in Shakespeare forms Hamlet's chief characteristic; but, at the same time, the long delay in revenging his murdered father, his nearest and first duty, seems to have been regarded by those hot-blooded, quick-willed Scandinavians as a proof of weakness. That is shown from a passage in the *Hrólfs Saga*: "This sword is for no Amlóðhi," i.e., for no irresolute man, as the context makes plain. He is, however, not such a character, but thoughtful, slow, and sure.

Saxo knew but one part of the Orwandil legend, which he to some extent arbitrarily reworked. There is in the younger Edda another part of this saga, which, as Uhland showed long ago, is one of the cycle of myths relating to Thor. It is to this effect: When Thor returned home from his victory over the Giant Hrungni, he still carried in his head the piece of his antagonist's stone weapon, which had entered there during the fight. Thereupon the prophetess Grôa or Grôðha, the wife of Orwandil the Bold, was asked to cure him. She comes and sings her magic runes over Thor till the stone in his head becomes loose. Thor, feeling the relief, rewards her for the cure with the glad message that Orwandil will soon come home to her. He himself carried him in a basket on his back over the ice-stream Eliwâgar, in order to free him from the power of the Frost giant. But one toe stuck up out of the basket and froze. He thereupon broke it off, threw it up to the sky, and made out of it the constellation "Orwandil's toe." Grôa is so rejoiced at this news that she forgets her incantations. So the stone still sticks in Thor's head.

Both Uhland and Ettmüller agree in the explanation of this legend. Thor is the god of agriculture, and therefore fights with the giants who injure it, and especially with Hrungni, the hard rock, that resists all cultivation and breaks him in pieces with his hammer—the thunderbolt. Grôa is growth. Her husband Orwandil (arrow-working) is the embryo which, when the seed bursts, sends up its arrow-like leaves. Thor carries him over the ice-stream; i.e., he protects the seed during the winter. Orwandil sticks out a toe which is frozen; that is, the seed sprouts too quickly. Grôa is a prophetess, because from the growth we know the future harvest. The stone left in Thor's head is what we still find in the fields, and which the growth of the grain cannot wholly overcome.

The great objection to this explanation is that it is too perfect. Pretty as it is, it is not borne out by analogy nor by the necessary explanations of related myths. Orwandil corresponds to the Anglo-Saxon word *earwandel* (earhvendel), a beam or ray, and means the lightning spark; the ray of the spring weather which Thor carried through the winter to join his consort,

the green sprouting vegetation. After the darkness of winter Thor relights the moons and stars with his lightning, just as Indra, in the Sanskrit mythology, lights them up after his contest with the dragon. And in the same way Indra carries Kutsa (the personified thunder-bolt) in his car when he goes out to fight the demons.

A relic of this myth is still preserved to us in the legend of St. Christopher bearing Christ over the river: the saint takes the place of Thor, has the "terrible face," the red beard and hair of the old god, is propitiated by the sacrifice of cocks, and is a defender against lightning and hailstorms. By a natural process common in all mythologies, the personified thunderbolt became a hypostase or other form of the thunder-thrower, and Orwandil was turned into a second Thor. As Orendel he became a popular German hero—"the oldest of all heroes," the *Saga of Trier* calls him—wandered throughout the world, and had a series of adventures which bear a striking resemblance to those of Ulysses, so that it is to him probably that Tacitus refers when he says that Ulysses came to Germany, and that there are temples there in his honor. Though perhaps never canonized by the church, he had the reputation of a saint in the middle ages, as many legends and the name "Sant Orendels sâlle" show.

The god of the thundershower, Orwandil or Horvendill, passed into Denmark, and made himself there a sort of patron and protector of the country. It was but natural to trace the descent of all the Danish kings to him, and through him further back to Thor. We find now told of him nearly the same story told of Thor, which is in the same way a nature-myth, for he goes off on a warlike expedition, and meeting Kallir (the cold), King of Norway, in an island green with the spring, he challenges him to single combat, and, throwing away his shield, wounds him in the foot and slays him. After several such adventures, Orwandil marries the king's daughter, Gêrta (the spear-versed), the Gertrude of Shakespeare, and has a son whom he calls Amleth (old northern Amlóðhi, one who collects with trouble, the unceasing worker). Dr. Ettmüller would have Amleth represent the grain-ear, but he is only a new expression of the thunderbolt. Feng (the grasper), the brother of Orwandil, envying Orwandil the possession of his wife, kills him and marries her. In other words, the power of cold and darkness, at last, when the year draws to an end, overcomes the life-giving, preserving force, and obtains the mastery of the earth and of its growth. Fortunately, the principle of the good god is still existent in the person of his son, and the contest begins anew.

This time, however, it is not by physical force that the struggle is decided, but by cunning. Hamlet plays the part which we know so well from the familiar tales of Jack the Giant-killer, the Stupid Hans, Aschenputtel, and Tom Thumb, the heroes of which are merely other forms of the same personification, whether we call him Thor or Apollo. The way in which he accomplished his end we all know, but in the legend as given by old Saxo we have no end of sly tricks, such as we find in all the popular tales of similar meaning. The very revenge which Hamlet takes on the courtiers of his uncle by burning them alive points out anew his connection with the thunderbolt. His subsequent career is varied and glorious, but most of the particulars told by the Danish chronicler are parts rather of the heroic legend than of the nature-myth.

Correspondence.

MORE AUTHORS' GRIEVANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In one of your recent numbers appeared an "Appeal for American Thought," so clear, so affecting, that I will venture to say not a few of those whose interests it was written to serve rose from the perusal with tears in their eyes. Every word it contained is true. American intellect is languishing at the present time, not merely from the detestable free-trade in ideas against which it has to fight, not merely from Shakespeare with ten centuries at his back, but from the grasping and sordid system of our own publishing-houses, and the bargaining spirit of the age, which cheapens ideas as it might a ribbon, and taxes a sonnet as heavily as a cigar. If your patience and courtesy can spare a corner, I should like to tell my experience. It is by no means remarkable. Many of your readers will recognize it as analogous to their own; and for the rest it is well that the public generally should know more of the sorrows of that inky realm whose products adorn and brighten so many of their homes!

I, then, am an author, possessing what may be styled a "fair to middling" degree of talent, which, from the circumstances of my birthplace,

must be distinctively American, and which I constantly burn to commit to paper. Circumstances over which I have no control prevent my being a genius, which fact I lament, but scorn to deny. It is not, therefore, of those who possess this mysterious quality that I venture to write. No eye sees genius when it is a-building, no ear catches the clink of hammers; suddenly and in silence the miracle is wrought, and the astonished world beholds in a tenth edition that being who yesterday was nowhere. But in the case of middle-class talent one recognizes distinct stages of growth. It needs cultivating as much as a peach-tree; there must be approving rustles among the leaves, the sunshine of popular favor resting upon and ripening the blossoms, and liberal nourishment at the root. The first two may be contributed by the public—the last a publisher only can supply. Man shall not live on air alone. It is not enough that “children cry for you.” Something more substantial is needed.

Imagine, then, a young and hopeful writer, conscious of something to say and a certain trick or knack at saying it, and starting with such as stock in trade upon the serious business of literature. Every way she—I am a woman—looks the doors seem barred. With fatal facility her MSS., like curses (or chickens, which is it?), find their way home to roost. She tries a lower flight, and at last some “Lines to a Cat” meet the eye of the discriminating editor of the *Blanket Sheet*, and a neat printed form enclosing \$5 is the result. Raptures ensue. But “Lines to a Mouse,” which follow, are not equally successful, and the idea of converting all the animals depicted by Goldsmith’s “Animated Nature” into stanzas is speedily abandoned. However, the children’s column presents itself as a mine to be worked. Her stories take. Delightful oblongs bearing the magic words \$10 appear not infrequently. What more could be desired? Alas! When is man—still less woman—satisfied? Success intoxicates. Ambitious visions of the *Caribbean Sea*, of the *Bagpipes*, of the pale gray cover of the *Zodiac*, the pea-green of the *Aboriginal*, flit before her eyes. What bliss to figure in those inspired pages! So taking breath as for a “header,” she makes the plunge, and comes up in the world of grown-up literature, a MS. in her hand.

Ah that MS.! The *Caribbean Sea* will none of it. Nothing can be more concise or more beautifully printed than the circular by which, after six weeks of alternate hope and despair, this fact is signified. Next the *Bagpipes*, three-headed like Cerberus, samples the article with three several chews and spues it politely forth, accompanied with a neat, wire-wove sheet upon which in well-couched phrases is set forth its regrets and disclaimers of any but the most strictly private and personal reasons for the refusal. At the bottom a few “hints to contributors” stare her in the face. She reads that the editors of the *Bagpipes* desire among other things “short and entertaining stories, sketches of character, etc.” “Dear me,” she gasps, “how strange! This of mine is exactly what they say they want!” Now she tries the *Zodiac*. Another interval—another circular. Then the editor of the *Judicious Mixture* has the grief of returning it. His sorrow at the necessity is expressed upon satin paper, with a polished amplitude of apology insensibly distressing to the feelings. But by this time circulars have ceased to charm. Their vagueness, their dreadful politeness, chill her very marrow. It is harrowing to receive again and yet again “John’s Boot-jack,” in which she has laid herself out to be “light and entertaining,” and read each time at the bottom of the accompanying sheet that “light and entertaining stories” are particularly wanted by the Messrs. So-and-so. “How can I improve under this sort of thing?” she asks herself in despair. “If only they would write ‘Stupid,’ ‘Improbable,’ ‘Deficient in incident,’ or ‘Not enough conversation,’ it would be worth something to me—but now!” At last success crowns her efforts. Either she writes better, or her judges, like him in Scripture, are by her continual importunity wearied into compliance. One fine day a delicate rose-colored envelope gladdens her eyes and reflects itself like a bow of hope on her cheeks. What characters were ever more delectable than that well-known signature which has carried peace and plenty, bread and butter, into so many homes? Later a violet and white enclosure begins delightfully to diversify the mail-bag. Modest industry is typified by the landscape which meanders in pleasing arabesque around the address, and, within, a gorgeous monogram in black and silver, whose component letters might do duty for “Peace, Bliss & Co.,” presides above an urbane suggestion that a receipt for the enclosure would be acceptable. Ah! with what swift alacrity is it complied with! Lastly a plain white envelope, its contents written, not printed, informs her that Messrs. Blank accept the verses entitled “The Sigh of the Scrofulous,” and hope to find space for it in the course of a few months. Could anything at first sight

be more charming, more flattering? But the end is not yet. She has yet to learn what *that* means; for, adapting Wordsworth,

“Two years she waits in sun and showers,”

and then the “Sigh” makes its appearance, and contemporaneously a fat package containing two blanks and a bank-note. Blank No. 1 sets forth that the editors of So-and-so have the pleasure of enclosing \$3, and request that the “accompanying paper” may be forthwith signed and returned by mail. Said “accompanying paper” is a legal form by which the “Scrofulous Sigh” is bound over for a term of years, like an apprentice, to their sole use and behoof, and is in no wise to be reprinted, either separately or in a collection, without consent formally demanded and given, and affording Messrs. Blank the opportunity of printing said volume, if they should at the time be so inclined. The lips of the author form an inaudible whistle as she peruses this “iron-clad oath.” Soon, remembering that “The Sigh” is after all but an example of her “early style,” as they say of old masters, and it is by no means likely anybody will ever care to see it again, she rallies, affixes her signature with due solemnity, and despatches the document upon its homeward way. If a similar pledge is exacted from each contributor, and any dependence is to be placed upon the numbered corner (one-billion-and-thirty-three, it was) only conceive what stacks and stacks of treasures that editorial sanctum must contain. Let us hope it is fireproof, otherwise a single night’s work might scatter these oaths and promises to the wind, and release from imprisonment vast hordes of odes, sonnets, and tales of the affections, to prey afresh upon the community.

By this time “the editor” *per se* begins to loom upon her imagination as a dire, majestic eidolon, to be revered, propitiated, or abhorred, as the case may be.

“Truest friend or subtlest foe,
Best angel or worst devil.”

And then perhaps she goes to New York, and, sitting in some quiet corner, sees defile before her in dress-coats and white ties these arbiters of destiny. “What,” she cries to herself, “that dapper boy the conductor of the Blank? that the celebrated So-and-so? Are these the bolt-laden Joves I have deprecated? Impossible!” But then she recollects that ignorant Irishmen are entrusted with the duty of carting nitro-glycerine about the country, and she lays her hand on her mouth and is silent.

As time wears on, things grow funnier. She gets inside the veil a little. What she sees makes her laugh. She sees editors attaching a new meaning to the word “acceptance.” If a thing may in the course of human possibility be wanted—if only it is too good to fall into the hands of the rival over the way—their remedy is easy, they accept, and lay it aside. Should it not appear before the very close of the Christian era, should it linger, as did a certain legendary tale she wots of entitled “The Fair Firebrand,” *twelve* long years before making its appearance, what course is open to the luckless author but to pocket his \$20, and suppress the rising tendency to “calculate” that put out to usury almost anywhere the sum must at the very least have grown by then to thirty-five. She sees the conductor of that enterprising monthly, the *Flat*, embark for a year’s tour in Europe, leaving his organ in the hands of a small boy, who forwards in answer to all applications a printed form stating that during the absence of Mr. G. it is impossible for him to “purchase” any MSS.; but adding in a foot-note, as out of his own head, that, if the article were gratuitous, it is accepted, and will appear immediately! Everywhere she meets the dreadful circular. And what she wishes to ask the editor of the *Nation* is this:

1st. Can anything be done to promote a general adoption of the system of payment on acceptance? or, failing this,

2d. Can a statute of limitations be established which shall force an editor to print or pay for an accepted article at the end of a given time, say one year, and give the author or his heirs and executors the legal right to sue him if he don’t?

3d. Can anything be done about the circulars?

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

THE CHINESE AND THE FOREIGN RESIDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter published in the *Nation* of March 3, Mr. Edward Cunningham criticises certain statements which I have made in regard to the relations which existed between foreigners and natives in China, during and previous to the year 1863. In making these statements, I chose, chiefly such occurrences for illustration as came under my own observation, and which were attended by no palliating circumstances, and it so

happened that the "main incident" contained in itself abundant material for generalization.

The passengers on the *Surprise* were there as invited guests of one of the most prominent firms in the East, and as they were, I think, more than one hundred in number and included both English and Americans, it seems safe to say that the foreign residents of that period in China were well represented. The fact, which I emphasize again, that there was no expressed disapproval or remonstrance on the part of the passengers, would seem to justify the inference that little value is placed on the life of Chinamen.

Mr. Cunningham thinks there must have been "some peculiar circumstances of tide," etc., which rendered the accident unavoidable. Even if this had been the case, which I do not admit, there was no possible excuse for the absolute and merciless abandonment of the drowning Chinamen. Mr. Cunningham makes me say that "three lives certainly, and probably four," were destroyed; my words were: "Going to the stern, I could see but one of the four Chinamen, and he was motionless in the water. Among the faces of the foreigners on the crowded decks there were few traces of the feelings which every new-comer must experience after witnessing such a scene." The fact is we immediately steamed away so fast that it was impossible to tell whether any of the four could have been saved or not. The whole affair bears an awful resemblance to the abandonment of the sinking *Oncida*; the difference being in the fact that, while the latter was a fine vessel filled with Americans who perished in the dark, the other was merely a scow with four despised Chinamen, whom a pleasure party of Europeans could leave to their fate in broad daylight.

Mr. Cunningham remarks that "Mr. George F. Seward was at that time, as now, the American Consul at Shanghai, and he has so resolutely and persistently defended and protected the Chinese in all such [collision] cases, that he has obtained the reputation in China of leaning to the Chinese side—a reputation he lately confirmed by declaring in a decision on a collision case that he would award to the Chinese, even when at fault, if the foreign navigator had unnecessarily passed so near the native craft as to cause the steersman to lose his presence of mind." The position thus taken by a disinterested official after nearly ten years of experience in China should seem of itself sufficient proof of the unnecessary frequency of these occurrences. There is no doubt that the Chinese are often recklessly slow in getting out of the way of foreign vessels, but it is equally certain that many foreign ship-captains are not overscrupulous about taking a terrible retaliation for this tardiness by needlessly sinking junks. I made five journeys in Chinese waters, including this pleasure excursion; on two of these such "collisions" occurred, viz., the one referred to by Mr. Cunningham, and one in which the English mail steamer sank a dilatory boat, containing one man, on the *Peiho*.

I was also an eye-witness to another occurrence, of which Mr. Cunningham doubts the possibility. In walking through the crowded streets of the Chinese settlement at Shanghai, I observed a large and rather portly man, past the prime of life, who carried a heavy cane, which he moved constantly up and down before him. Those who saw this badge of foreign superiority in time avoided it and made way; those who did not see it felt it. A friend who was with me told me that this was a respectable foreigner, and that this was his habit, a statement which I thought sufficiently corroborated when I saw him again doing the same thing.

If those things have changed for the better since the time of which I wrote, no one can rejoice more than I. But the improvement has been chiefly effected by the very policy which has made Mr. Burlingame and Sir Frederic Bruce exceedingly unpopular among a large part of the foreign mercantile community in China; and, so far as Americans are concerned, it is due largely to the unswerving co-operation of Mr. Seward in this just policy to such an extent that, according to Mr. Cunningham, he has "obtained" and "confirmed" the reputation of leaning to the Chinese side. There was a time, however, when it was very difficult for a Chinaman to obtain justice, for the foreigner is entirely removed by treaty from Chinese jurisdiction. During that time, some nine or ten years ago, an English merchant punished one of his Chinese servants for falling asleep in a hall-chair by throwing him into a cistern of water and keeping him there till he was almost lifeless. A complaint to the British Consul resulted in a farce of a trial and the imposing of a trifling fine of a few dollars. Fortunately, Sir Frederic Bruce, the British Minister, saw the report of the trial, and he found the conduct of the merchant so brutal that he reversed the decision, reprimanded severely the Consul, and inflicted a punishment more in conformity with the character of the

offence. This merchant was a Mr. Richardson, who afterward, during a visit to Japan, was killed by the retinue of a Japanese prince, for trying to force his way on horseback through a column of soldiers, instead of leaving the road, as he was motioned to, while the cortège was passing. In retaliation for the killing of this gentleman, the English squadron, with most unwarranted haste, bombarded and burned the large city of Kagosima, destroying thousands of lives. And yet, Mr. Richardson had not the reputation of being brutal, and had he lived he would probably have returned to England, and there been neither better nor worse than his neighbors.

Mr. Cunningham is one of the comparatively few residents of China who have had the strength of character to raise themselves above the prejudice of race, to which most succumb, and he was, and probably still is, one of the warmest advocates of the policy inaugurated by Mr. Burlingame and Sir Frederic Bruce. It is therefore with no little surprise that I find an attack which I might expect from other quarters coming from him. Mr. Cunningham's appeal, in which he asks whether there are any evidences of extreme brutality in the conduct or character of those who return after a residence in China, is one that might equally well have been made in behalf of our former slaveholders, and which in both cases would be answered in the negative.

To carry the parallel still further, I can account for Mr. Cunningham's position in this matter only by comparing him to the many really kind and humane Southerners who could not see the evils around them, because they were blinded by a long residence among them.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY.

FITZ JOHN PORTER'S CASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a constant and a careful reader of the *Nation*, and I generally like the tone of its discussions. My political conclusions are different, but it is refreshing to read a paper which, while it professes a party bias, yet admits the possibility of an honest conflict of opinion in politics, and is reluctant to stigmatize dissenters as immoral men. Thoughtful, fair, and unprejudiced debate of public questions is not so charmingly prevalent in our newspapers as to have ceased to be a theme for thanksgiving when it occurs. I was therefore a little surprised to read a paper upon Fitz John Porter's case in your number of March 3, which betrayed, I thought, more prejudice than the *Nation* is used to suffer in its columns. I quote the closing paragraph: "We hope that he will not be reinstated in the army, that his disabilities will not be removed, and that he will not be recognized as a person having any claim whatever to the clemency of the Government." And I gather from the whole article that the writer regards Mr. Porter's appeal as a pleading for a favor rather than for simple justice. Now, if I understand the intent of Mr. Porter's prayer for relief, this article presents it unfairly. The real gist of his appeal is to be reheard, and not primarily to be replaced—for a new trial, and not for pardon or amnesty. Undoubtedly he wishes to be reinstated also, but only as a consequence of the restoration of his fair fame. He complains, and, if I am correctly informed, a very large body of intelligent men incline to agree with him, that he did not, in fact, have a fair trial. He says, further, that, by reason of the heats which then pervaded society, men's minds were so warped from a judicial rectitude that it was not possible to try his case fairly. And he urges yet further the fact that evidence essential to his defence which he now exhibits was then absolutely inaccessible to him; and that from this cause, also, the finding of the court was erroneous. Now, new trials, based upon this same principle, are granted daily in the civil courts. But on the wider principle of the general welfare, is it not worth while to set at rest, if possible, the suspicion which so generally prevails in regard to this particular case, that injustice is maintained here to subserve a merely party purpose or to spare a party pride? Surely we agree that the United States cannot afford to do injustice, and I think we shall not differ in the opinion that our system renders it essential that the justice of the Government shall be made plain and manifest. It is not sufficient to tell me that the relief asked is unusual and inconvenient, for the case was essentially singular. Nor can we quash the whole proceeding by the mere assertion that no possible condemnation will ever satisfy the discontented. I firmly believe that substantially all of us malcontents will rest entirely satisfied if, as Mr. Porter himself suggests, the President, the Secretary of War, and the General of the Army, or, as I venture to suggest, the Generals Sherman, Thomas, and Meade, or others such as they, after a full hearing, concur in a refusal to reverse the judgment of the court. I confess that I give but very little respect to the objection to

reopening the ancient strife of parties. I do not see so much of a sweet and lovely communion now between the parties that the prospect of introducing a little more discord need distress any one. And I admit that the precedent may be applied to other cases. If they resemble this case, they are better reopened than kept closed. There is a strong prejudice abroad in favor of fair play, and even the most hardened of us partisans sometimes doubt whether a lie well sworn to is, after all, in the long run, exactly as good as the truth. And pray tell me what the alleged inclination of the court to a death sentence has to do with this present question of a new trial? It is not charged that the court was cruel; it is claimed that it was unjust or mistaken. If it be published now to spread the belief that Mr. Porter had, upon the whole, a lucky escape, I can only admire his moral constitution who believes that Fitz John Porter was guilty and yet conceives that his punishment was mitigated by sparing his life. If he was guilty of the crime for which he was condemned, he should have been shot like a dog. But we have no right to presume that the court paltered with their oaths and were false to their duty in recording a judgment which had been tampered with by the pleasure of the President. And finally permit me, on my side, to make an impertinent suggestion. Is it wise to run the risk of degradation to the morale of the army which would result from the reinstatement of Fitz John Porter as a political and party measure? Yet, if public sentiment is not sooner set at rest, such an event is probable in case the Opposition ever comes to power again. I never saw General Porter, nor ever studied the merits of his case, but, if from any cause there is fair ground for doubt whether the terrible infamy of his sentence was deserved, I think it only common prudence to dissipate the doubt. This is to my apprehension the whole real prayer of the condemned.

Respectfully and truly yours,

J. Q. A.

QUINCY, March 8, 1870.

[Courts-martial, especially for the trial of such offences as misbehavior before the enemy, have to be held in time of war, and a time of war is always, or almost always, a time of prejudice and passion. To argue that a tribunal of this kind, therefore, should not sit on charges against a soldier until the public mind has grown calm, is really to argue that he should not be tried till the return of peace. In fact, there is not a single reason given by Mr. Porter for reopening his case now which might not have been urged with equal force against trying it at all in 1862. What would become of discipline, however, if every officer were assured that, no matter what misconduct he might be guilty of in the field, if he were conspicuous enough to rouse popular feeling either for or against him, he could not be called to account till the memory of the affair had grown cold? Of course, any such understanding would have the effect of assurance of impunity. Nobody would obey any orders he did not choose to obey, and would trust to something turning up in the years that would probably elapse before his trial, to justify his refusal. Moreover, if it were well understood that the sentences of courts-martial sitting in time of war were open to review afterwards on this ground, no sentence not touching life would carry any weight. Loss of rank or expulsion from the army, under such sentences, would be little or no punishment, for it would carry with it no stigma, and the culprit would believe, and all his friends would believe, that he would yet have his revenge on the scurvy crew who had convicted him. As regards the fresh evidence said to have been discovered, all we have to say about it, and all we need say, is that, if it throws no fresh light on Mr. Porter's state of mind on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of August, 1862, it is entirely irrelevant. Whether there were 100,000 or 1,000 men in his front on the 29th, matters not; the question is, What did he believe, and under what motives was he acting? Suppose any officer were found running away after he had received a positive order to advance, and he were tried and convicted for it, would it be open to him to ask for a new trial, on the ground that an overwhelming force of the enemy, of which he only heard four years later, was on that occasion in hot pursuit of him? Consider what monstrous absurdities this would lead to. We do not understand from Mr. Porter's appeal that he is now in possession of any evidence as to his own state of mind on the 29th which was not or might not have been submitted to the court-martial which tried him. It must be remembered, too, that to reopen his case, is to put the members of that court-martial on their trial.

It is to cast on them the imputation of having carelessly, recklessly, and passionately, and by an abuse of judicial procedure, inflicted on a brother officer of high distinction a terrible penalty. This, we hold, is a thing not to be lightly done; not to be done at all except in presence of manifest and overwhelming proof of error, and no such proof, if we know anything of the nature of evidence, has Mr. Porter offered. That his state of mind while under Pope's command was one of gross, outrageous insubordination cannot be denied or explained away; and it does help to supply the needed motive for committing the offences—if he did commit them—for which he was convicted. He tries to excuse his scandalous manner of speaking of his commanding officer, who was, at that moment, charged with the very defence of the capital—and who, whatever his military abilities, was in a position in which a Napoleon would have needed all the support he could get, both in soul and body, from every man in the field—by saying in his "appeal," that "if his despatches manifested distrust of General Pope's ability to conduct the campaign, they but expressed the opinion pervading our Eastern armies." His one and only duty with regard to that "distrust," if it existed, was to try and suppress it. To spread it, by word or deed, was an offence of the rankest kind. Mr. Porter seems to have been under an impression that he was in some way responsible for the conduct of the campaign, just as General McClellan, when he wrote the Harrison's Landing letter, seems to have thought himself responsible for the general policy of the Government. But Mr. Porter ought to have known, and undoubtedly did know, that the choice of the Commander-in-Chief rested with others; that his own business was "to do or die."

The review of which "J. Q. A." complains was written by a military man, very familiar with the whole affair, and the partisan of neither of the principal actors. From his closing judgment we see no reason to retreat. If Mr. Porter is reinstated by a political and party measure, the responsibility must rest with those who bring it about. If the Democrats like to undertake the job, let them. The duty of the present Administration, it seems to us, is none the less clear for the existence of any such probability. If every party would only do its own duty, instead of wabbling about for the purpose of "heading off" the other party, or taking the wind out of their sails, our opinion is the country would be better governed than it is.—ED. NATION.]

RUSSIA AND THE BALTIC PROVINCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Excuse me for begging once more the favor of your columns for a few lines called forth by your article on "Modern Russia." If "the spectacles" through which Dr. Eckardt is looking be colored, the spectacles of your critic are certainly not colorless. It cannot be my intention here to comment upon all his remarks; all I can do is to pick out a point or two to prove the justice of my assertion. Your critic intimates the idea that Dr. Eckardt is totally blind as to the "dark shades" of feudalism in the Baltic Provinces, or is even an advocate of them. Any one having the slightest knowledge of Dr. Eckardt's literary career as the editor of the *Rigaische Zeitung*—not *Gazette*—will dismiss this indirect charge as absolutely groundless. Really astonishing is the praise bestowed upon Mr. Katkoff for his "sincerity." As great as the talents of this agitator are, as utterly destitute is he of sincerity, if this term include using fair means in a fair contest. His manner of proceeding in the contest with the *Rigaische Zeitung*, and the fact that he is continually receiving communications from the Russian editors of the *Rigski Vestnik*, sailing under the false flag of sentiments prevailing in the Baltic Provinces, cannot be known to your critic, or he would have judged more by the deeds than by the words. And the claim of Mr. Katkoff to get credit for his moderate views and his dislike to socialistic ideas is not better founded. He, indeed, ridiculed these ideas as "confused nonsense" and "brainless dreams" when Herzen urged them in the *Kolokol* in 1862. But already in the next year he was converted by the revolution in Poland. As to the peasants not understanding the Church Slavonic, Dr. Eckardt is certainly right, though an intelligent and well-educated foreigner, like your critic, who is perfectly familiar with Russian, may easily learn it, as far as the *Liturgy* goes. Finally, I beg to state that Dr. Eckardt does not blame the purpose and the end of the reforms of Alexander II., but the means by which the realization of these good purposes is attempted, and he points

out the havoc that has been wrought by these reforms. He is aware that it will not do to jump from imminent starvation to a sumptuous feast, for, if it be true of anything, it is true of progress, that in the sweat of the brow we shall earn our daily bread. The Russians think they might acquire by mere legislating in two years what the Western World has acquired by working two thousand years.

Very respectfully yours,

DR. H. VON HOLST.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press a work that will be looked for with no little interest: "Correspondence between William Penn and James Logan, Secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania, and others. 1700-1750." The letters thus to be printed are from the original in the possession of the Logan family, with notes by the late Mrs. Deborah Logan; to which others have been added by the editor, Mr. Edward Armstrong, Member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.—Another book-sale of considerable importance is announced by Leonard & Co., Boston, for April 5 and the three following days. They will furnish catalogues on application, for the sum of one dollar (two, large paper). There are 2,545 lots to be sold, of a "collection of books and manuscripts relating chiefly to the history and literature of North and South America, including the larger portion of the library of the late Henry Stevens, Sr., of Barnet, Vt., founder and first President of the Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society."—We understand that the proceedings of the London Philological Society will shortly contain a learned paper on Pennsylvania Dutch, contributed by Prof. S. S. Haldeman, who has just been appointed to the chair of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania.

—In justice to "A Publisher," we must state that he has sent us a rejoinder to our remarks on his communication of last week, but does not, however, press its publication. We omit it because it is necessary to end the controversy somewhere, and because this has now wandered from the question of the *Nation's* fairness, about which we are greatly concerned, to that of the importers' accuracy, which is of much less concern, though we do not consider it to have been impeached. "A Publisher" convinces us that we were misinformed as to the fortune derived by Mr. Hart from the sale of his stereotype plates, and says the amount realized for the entire "plant" was very far from approaching a million of dollars. The point, however, was of no importance to the argument, so long as the plates were sold at all.

—The design of "Van Nostrand's Eclectic Engineering Magazine" is most excellent. It attempts to record the progress of engineering and allied branches by means of articles selected from the foreign and home periodical technical literature. The number of technical serials issued at the present day is so very large that a judicious and impartial selection of articles becomes a task of considerable difficulty, and requires no small amount of experience and judgment on the part of the editor. We regret that this magazine does not occupy the high position that a journal of its character might attain. There is too little intelligent discrimination used as to what should be inserted and what omitted, and too little industry displayed in giving promptly "the cream" (to use the publisher's words) of the French and German serials. An arrangement of articles according to subjects would contribute much to its usefulness, and might incidentally indicate to the editor omissions that would not be otherwise so apparent. Separate editorial supervision of the different departments would also greatly enhance its value. We are glad to see evidence on the part of the management of a willingness to correct editorial mistakes. The present number for March contains a review of Osborn's "Metallurgy of Iron and Steel," copied from the *Nation*, of December 9 (but without acknowledgment), although the book was, in a previous number (November, 1869), "confidently recommended to our iron-makers, both scientific and practical."

—That wide region which has now ceased to be the West in all but name, and will doubtless not long retain this inappropriate designation, gives frequent evidences of a growth in culture, and the solidifying of society as in the older States of the East. Ohio, in the order of things, leads off, and with no little credit, with an Ohio Valley Historical Society, whose publications are marked by sound judgment, research, and liberality, as we have already had occasion to show our readers. Wisconsin has an

Historical Society of twenty years' standing, and which now enjoys the patronage of the State. It has a library of nearly 50,000 volumes and pamphlets, including a collection of 1,545 bound volumes of newspapers, of which 152 belong to the last century—a department in which we should doubt if it were excelled by the largest libraries in the country. It also possesses 1,600 pamphlets and documents relating to the rebellion, the British Patent Office reports, etc., etc. In Illinois we hear of a Will County Historical Society which is taking steps to procure a photograph of every soldier who enlisted from that county, which, we are ashamed to say, we have now first learned the name of and its location on the map.

—A correspondent reminds us that in the *Nation* of February 24 we said that the answer to the question, why "the foremost man of all the world" got from Shakespeare so inadequate treatment in the play of "Julius Caesar," does not seem far to seek, and wishes us to give the answer. In compliance with his desire we will endeavor to set down what we had in mind when we made the remark cited. That Caesar is not adequately treated by the poet is, we suppose, not disputed by any reader of the tragedy. He is, perhaps, not made exactly after the pattern of a "tyrant in a tapestry," but certainly, what with his huffing arrogance, his "Danger afraid of Caesar," and the rest of it, he is a personage rather more like that figure than like the accomplished politician, the wonderful soldier and administrator, the admirable writer and orator, the man of the world as well as the "foremost man of all this world," the warrior and statesman who perpetually commanded success, and is still of all soldiers and writers the most famous. Emerson, in one of his quatrains, seeking to hit upon the essential points of three or four of the most universally known and admired personalities of which history has record, says "Caesar's hand, and Shakespeare's brain;" and, indeed, Caesar comes down to us as the name which stands for executive ability—intellectual ability of the kind opposite to that of which Shakespeare, as the seer and expresser, is the pre-eminent exemplification. Now, to the man who lives the life of intellectual contemplation, who habitually Platonizes, whose writing, described generally, is the making out of all the movements of the human mind, the passions of the human heart, the calamities of human fortune—the making of plays out of all these deepest concerns of man—to such a mind, which thinks nothing great or small but by comparison; which can discourse of Queen Mab's team of atomies, as well as of the icy current and compulsive force of the Pontic sea-stream; which is able in the clay in the chinks of the wall to see the dust of imperious Caesar, and, doubtless, in some moods to think the one as important as the other—to such a mind the greatest career of merely material successes, the career which is, after all, only the excellent adaptation of means to ends, the executive career carried on, as it happened in Caesar's case, upon a great stage, but not intrinsically different in its spiritual import from what it would have been had Caesar been in fact but the foremost man in that barbarian village of which he once spoke—such a career, to such a mind as Shakespeare's, we may suppose to have been not very interesting. So in the drama, to which the poet gives the soldier's name, the interest mainly centres in the conspirators and their passions and acts, and not in the dictator himself. It is Brutus, Cassius, and Antony, their characters and their actions, which get the poet's attention, and upon which he expends his force. To Antony he afterwards returns in the "Antony and Cleopatra;" the triumvir's chaotic nature seemingly possessing, as some of the critics have pointed out—De Quincey, we think—a very great attraction for the poet, who so loved to look in upon the workings of human nature. Of course, too, in his capacity of playwright as well as poet, Shakespeare must have found Antony a good subject. That Shakespeare follows Plutarch so closely in his story of Caesar's death—which fact, also, has not escaped the commentators—would seem to show how little he himself cared to study Caesar. Of course the necessities of the dramatic art render impossible the adequate presentation in a play of the sort of greatness which Caesar possessed, and possessed in so eminent a degree that he is, perhaps, the most celebrated of mankind, although his contribution to the world of thought is nothing—nothing, that is to say, but the idea of himself. In brief, to the deep thinker, the doer, though the very incarnation of doing, was not of great interest. Still less could he be of use to the play-writer, who must have primarily and essentially passions, and requires actions only as these produce passions.

—The following extract may serve as a contribution to the recent discussion in England on the ethics of hunting. It is from the memoir of Thomas Bewick, not less than Cowper the pitying friend of the hare:

"At holiday times, and at other times when prevented by the floods of the Tyne from getting across to school, I was sure, with the most ardent glee, to make one of the number in the hunting-parties which frequently

took place at that time [176-]; whether it might be in the chase of the fox or the hare, or in tracing the fount in the snow, or hunting the badger at midnight. The pursuing, bating, or killing these animals never, at that time, struck me as being cruel. The mind had not, as yet, been impressed with the feelings of humanity. This, however, came upon me at last; and the first time I felt the change happened by my having (in hunting) caught the hare in my arms, while surrounded by the dogs and the hunters, when the poor terrified creature screamed out so piteously, like a child, that I would have given anything to have saved its life. In this, however, I was prevented; for a farmer well known to me, who stood close by, pressed upon me, and desired I would 'give her to him;' and, from his being better able (as I thought) to save its life, I complied with his wish. This was no sooner done than he proposed to those about him 'to have a bit more sport with her,' and this was to be done by first breaking one of its legs, and then again setting the poor animal off a little before the dogs. I wandered away to a little distance, oppressed by my own feelings, and could not join the crew again, but learned with pleasure that their intended victim had made its escape."

The worrying of the other animals mentioned, he says, did not awaken similar feelings in him; not, as has lately been urged, because they have got used to it and rather enjoy it, but because "in the fierce conflicts between them and the dogs, there was something like an exchange of retaliation, and not unfrequently the aggressors were beaten."

—The Rev. George Gilfillan, like several other recent Scotchmen, although he is now of no consideration, once enjoyed a good deal of celebrity in his own country and this, and probably many of our readers may remember having gone through more than one volume of his essays. They may be taken as good specimens of the poorer sort of contributions to English prose literature made by the Scotch of our time. Great heat, little discernment, and conceited narrowness of mind may be said to be the inner characteristics of this class of writings, while its most noticeable outer characteristics are, if we may so speak, noisiness and floridness of style—a style often forcible, but almost always unregulated, inaccurate, and provincial in point of diction, and otherwise "cheap." Professor Wilson and Carlyle may be set down as the giants of the school—though of these, to be sure, each is big enough to contain more than belongs to the school proper—and Mr. Gilfillan may be set down as the dwarf—small, but, like all literary dwarfs, big enough to represent in exaggeration the deformities proper to his masters. He had been as good as forgotten for some fifteen or twenty years, but recently he comes to the surface again, and this time not as a literary character but as a martyr for the sake of theological opinion. Precisely what it is that has brought on him the displeasure of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, of which he is a minister, is not to be made out from the accounts that have reached us; nor is it necessary to care much for this. It is, however, interesting to learn, as we do, that neither his own church nor either of the other two branches of the Presbyterian body in Scotland would be at all disposed to make him trouble because of his round assertion that he disbelieves entirely in the dogma that the world was made in six literal days, and also in the dogma of eternal damnation for "non-elect infants"—a class of children, by the way, not born now outside of North Britain. The United Presbyterians and the "union men" of the other two churches are understood to be willing to admit that, as regards the dogmas mentioned, the Westminster formularies need revision and important alteration. Mr. Gilfillan's action in attacking "the standards" in general is perhaps more important because it will strengthen the hands of the "anti-unionists," who think the United Presbyterians too liberal in doctrine, than in any other aspect of it. Or perhaps its chief importance is that it will lead to a good deal of discussion and will help to strengthen the hands of those Scotchmen who think that the Scotch church is grievously injured by the national vice of dogmatism—the vice whose root is the root of so much of Scotch strength and Scotch weakness. "Modern Christian Heroes" is the title of the book containing the utterances on which is based the charge of heresy.

—There are signs that "the interviewer" is to infest England also; though as yet we do not see that he himself has arrived. He himself condescends to his man; he does not at all conceal the pencil and notebook, but summons you to his presence and puts you to your purgation as one having authority. With the forerunners and heralds of the interviewer himself it is not so, for while he levies his contributions boldly, they are rather of the class of sneak-thieves. One of them is the gentleman who watches you while you are listening in your pew in church, or sitting in the theatre, or dining at the club, or walking in the street, and then records his observations in a brief paragraph under the head of "Personals" in some of the lesser newspapers. Another is the gentleman who makes you a visit, occupies an hour or so of your time, and then, taking

himself off when he thinks he has got "points" enough, writes one chapter more of his sprightly correspondence with a country journal, and tells of the looks of your house and garden, of your jaundice, of your tone and manner in speaking to Mrs. Smith, of that lady's somewhat slender claims to personal charms, of your apparent height and probable weight, of your early baldness, of your forcible, not to say profane, expression of your well-known views in regard to the Trinity, of your opinion of Jones's course, of your characteristic liking for old flannel slippers, and of various other matters. This latter forerunner of the full-blown interviewer has recently made his appearance in England, and his advent excites some anxiety. He is probably a Yankee, the London *Publishers' Circular* suggests—this particular individual who has been doing in the most approved manner a newspaper call on a certain famous author. But this, we fear, is a hope on which it will be well if our contemporary does not lean too hard. Great Britain is becoming Little America in bad things as well as good. Just as Britannia adopts our reforms in law and legislation, and steadily goes on conforming her political and social institutions to ours, so, too, she becomes infected with many of our vices, and the "correspondent of a Scottish journal" who has caused the *Circular* so much alarm is in all probability no American sovereign, but a subject of Her Majesty. Considering his nativity, he has done well, and need not turn his back on any one of the American travellers who thirty or forty years ago used to call out the wrath of the British reviewer by their descriptions of what and whom they had seen in the British social circles. He is "sorry to inform" the readers of the journal for which he writes his letters "that the condition of Mr. So-and-so is giving a great deal of uneasiness to his friends." Not that the gentleman referred to is in ill health: it is his moral condition that seems to his friends and our correspondent so bad as to justify anxiety and publication. So-and-so "has very long been known to be an unhappy man;" when in the mood he is delightful company, the most delightful imaginable; but then "it is not often that he is in the mood," and in general his irritability "makes it bad times for those who are beside him." Friend after friend has been alienated from "the grand old man," and now he has left with him to cheer him only "a faithful old Scotch domestic." As for secretaries and amanuenses, none of them has long been able to endure the old gentleman's temper, and after a brief period of service each follows the alienated friends. There is more of it, all similar and all richly suggestive of the nature and character of the average Anglo-Saxon editor—who, whether he plies his vocation in Britain or in Park Row and Printing-House Square, evidently believes that newspapers, like Peter Pindar's razors, are "made to sell," and that he has a sufficient justification for being an impudent rascal in the fact that in the morning a certain number of persons will give him pennies for the impudent rascality which he has printed over-night. We trust that, when the interviewer himself is discovered in England, our brethren may begin with him as we over here seem disposed to end with him. We read that "in Cincinnati, last week, a reporter waked up a bridegroom in the middle of the night with the intention of getting from him some facts in regard to his rather peculiar marriage; he is now in debt fifty cents, for court-plaster, to the apothecary in the vicinity of the hotel." We have our escapades in this country, and we are very good-natured; but we may be trusted to come right at last.

—About the year 1800, Joseph Haydn, on his return from England, stopped for some time at the Monastery of the Premonstratensians, in Ochsenhausen, near Biberach, in Würtemberg. The monks residing there were of a highly musical turn, and the good understanding between them and their guest resulted in a request, at his departure, that he would leave them some original composition as a *souvenir*. In complying, he chose six proverbs as so many themes, viz.: "It is the first step that costs;" "Look before you leap;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Suam cuique;" "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing;" "All's well that ends well;" and set them to music for four voices. These compositions are said to bear the stamp of the master, and to be infused with the happiest humor. In "Suam cuique," each of the four voices sings in a different time, as is most appropriate. On the breaking up of the convent Haydn's pieces passed into the hands of one of the fathers, and finally came to be the property of precentor Kaim, of Biberach, who has just had them engraved and published at Munich.

—Of Quérard's "France littéraire" and the work on pseudonyms that grew out of it, we spoke in No. 232 of the *Nation*. The former gives a list of all French works from 1700 to 1842; or, including the two supplementary volumes, 1851. The same author's "Littérature française contemporaine" was begun in 1840, but carried by him no further than page

289 of Vol. II., and was finished in a very unsatisfactory manner by MM. Louandre and Bourquelot, in 1857, in six volumes. M. Gustave Branet, who is editing the second edition of Quérard's "Supercherie littéraire dévoilée," speaks on the whole very favorably, in the last number of the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*, of M. Otto Lorenz's "Catalogue général de la librairie française pendant vingt-cinq ans (1840-1865)," of which three volumes (AA-OZ) have appeared. M. Lorenz, unlike Quérard, dispenses almost wholly with biographical details, and makes no attempt to weigh the merits of the works which he registers; it is only in the case of anonymous works that he selects those which seem to be worth recording. Spite of errors which the reader must always be on his guard against in works of this character, the "Catalogue général" will be found invaluable for reference for the period which it covers. Besides all works published in France from 1840 to 1865, it names also those which have been anywhere published in the French language.

—Count Montalembert had, when he died at the close of last week, just completed his sixtieth year. The most amiable and tolerant of Catholics, he ended a long life spent in attempting to hold on to Catholicism without giving up modern civilization, with a protest against the probable assumptions of the Ecumenical Council; while in politics his last significant utterance was that in which he predicted a violent end to the present régime, compared with which, he said, the crises of 1830 and 1848 would appear but child's play. This was nearly two years ago, however, and he survived a revolution as real as that which he anticipated, but happily without ruin either to church or state and with almost no bloodshed. During our war he was a prominent advocate of the Northern side, and recovered among us something of the conspicuousness which he had thirty years previously, as the associate of Lamennais. In him the Academy loses a member whom it will be hard to replace, and the world of letters an author of no mean acquirements and of fine benignity. The approach of death from a lingering disease was long foreseen, and it hastened the publication of the third volume of his work—"Les Moines d'Occident depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard"—in 1866. As a religious historian, he will be read less for his facts than for the spirit by which he was always inspired, and which blended faith in the Church with attachment to liberty in a manner which disarmed criticism and extorted sympathy. For a fuller appreciation of his peculiar and twofold character, we may refer our readers to an article in No. 6, Vol. I., of the *Nation*, p. 184.

—The reason why we should submit to the decrees of a General Council is this, as Roman Catholics hold—that when the Council speaks we hear the voice of the Holy Ghost. What a Council says is worthy of attention and of obedience because the Council is the mouthpiece of that Comforter who, it was promised, should be left with us. It is interesting, then, to examine the composition of the Vatican Council now sitting. The Papal States have a Roman Catholic population of less than a million—about seven hundred thousand souls; of prelates resident in the Papal States, who have a vote in the Council, there are exactly 143. This gives about one vote in the Council to every 5,000 Catholics in the Papal States—or would give, if many of the bishops resident in Rome were not bishops in *partibus infidelium*. Still, as the bishoprics in *partibus* are sheepfolds without any sheep, and as the shepherds are appointed by the Pope, we may rightly credit the population of the Papal States with all the 143 votes which will be cast by the bishops who reside in the vicinity of Rome and in the city itself. Austria has a Roman Catholic population of about 22,000,000. France has a Roman Catholic population of 38,000,000. In the Council, however, France is represented not by the 7,600 votes which would be hers if she had as many proportionally as the Papal States have cast, but by 84 votes. Nor has Austria 4,400 votes; 48 is her number. American Catholics are on the whole "Ultramontane," and for this or some other reason the 8,000,000 Catholics on this side of the water count for precisely as much in the matter of expressing God's will in regard to the government of man as the Austrian 22,000,000. In Great Britain and Ireland, also, the Church is Ultramontane; so the 6,500,000 British Romanists have 35 votes in the Council, or nearly twice as many as the 12,000,000 Catholics of North Germany and South Germany united. Whatever may be the upshot of the Council, it would seem as if the 40,000,000 Romanists of America, Britain, and Italy, with their 340 ballots, will have work before them to escape the dangers of spiritual pride, when they think how much they have been preferred as organs for the utterance of eternal decrees to their 70,000,000 French and German brethren.

ART.

COUNT BERMUDEZ DE CASTRO has been permitted by the administration of the Louvre to exhibit his well-known and exquisite picture by Raphael, in the hall called "des Batailles de Lebrun," preparatory to its sale. The Count, who asks a million francs (about \$200,000) for this treasure, became its possessor by gift from Francis, ex-King of Naples. Painted by Raphael about 1504-1505, when he was twenty-one years old, for the high altar of the monastery of St. Anthony of Padua at Perugia, it was sold by the nuns in 1678 to Count Giovanni Antonio Bogazzini, of Rome, for the miserable sum of 2,000 scudi. It then passed to the Colonna gallery, and subsequently, about 1802, became the property of King Ferdinand IV. of Naples. The fine paintings upon the "gradino" were sold by the nuns to Queen Christian of Sweden; and after passing through the hands of the Duke of Bracciano to the Orleans gallery, were sold at London, in 1798, to English amateurs. One of them, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," sold in Edinburgh in 1800 for £42 sterling to the poet Rogers, was purchased at the sale of his pictures by Miss Burdett Coutts, in whose possession it now is. The principal picture, now offered for sale by the Count de Castro, represents the Madonna seated upon a richly adorned throne, holding the infant Jesus upon her right knee, who with his right hand blesses the little St. John, approaching to adore him. Near the throne, to the right, are Saints Paul and Dorothea, and to the left Saints Peter and Catharine. A landscape background is seen on each side of the throne. The style is transitional. The richly bordered vestments picked out with gold, and the lovely heads of the Virgin and Child, belong to Raphael's first, Peruginesque manner; while the saints, and the rich, deep tone of color of the picture generally, betray the influence of the Florentine school under which he formed his second manner. Again, the God the Father, with angels and cherubim, painted in the "tympantum," is, says Passavant, quite in the style of Perugino. The great question now is, Shall France or England possess this treasure? Probably the National Gallery will bear off the prize; for the Louvre (unless the Legislative Chamber vote an exceptional supply of funds) is in no condition to avail itself of so tempting a possibility, as its annual budget amounts only to 120,000 francs, very little more than that of the Museum of Cologne, which for 1870 is 112,500 francs. In England, £53,095 was spent by the South Kensington Museum during the past year, and £15,978 by the National Gallery. To spend such sums as these upon works of art and art institutions will appear to most Americans, who have as yet no conception of the great and legitimate part which art should play in national education, very like madness. Let us hope that we, too, may in time become capable of so sublime a folly.

—The sale of the San Donato gallery was to begin in Paris on the 21st of February and last until the 10th of March. The *Paris Journal*, quoted by the *Chronique*, contradicts the report that the Baron de Seillière had purchased it *en bloc* from Prince Demidoff.

—We notice that "an elaborate and learned Catalogue of Musical Instruments in the South Kensington Museum, compiled by Herr Carl Engel for the Art Department," will shortly be published.

—Mr. Ruskin's inaugural lecture as Slade Professor of Art, at Oxford, on "English Art," was to be followed on the 15th of February by a lecture on the "Relation of Art to Religion."

—M. Gallait, the well-known Belgian historical painter, has been elected foreign associate of the French Academy, as successor to Overbeck.

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.*

THE first annual report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts is an able document lately submitted to the Legislature of that State by Mr. Charles F. Adams, Jr., and two other gentlemen, appointed to their offices a year ago. Mr. Adams is the junior member of the Board, and his term, unless he is reappointed, will only be for one year; but, unless we are much mistaken, the main portion of the report is written by him. It certainly bears strong internal evidence of having been moulded, if not composed, by the author of certain railroad articles published at various times in the *North American Review*. We mention this fact, or rather this inference, because, as Mr. Adams's term expires in a year, it will become necessary before long to appoint a successor; and, judging from this report, we should say that a reappointment was the only possible solution of the question. The railroad problems of the next thirty years are likely to be as important as any that have ever engaged the

* "First Annual Report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, January, 1870." Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers.

attention of a civilized people; and it is of the last consequence that the country should have in positions of trust and confidence men who have made a special study of the subject. This Mr. Adams has, as all the world knows, done; and he is probably better qualified than any public man in Massachusetts to give good advice to the Commonwealth of which he is a citizen. How sadly she needs it, we have often explained in these columns.

The most interesting portion of the present report to the general public is undoubtedly that in which the Commissioners discuss and formally condemn the traditional railroad policy of Massachusetts. What that policy has been, we cannot describe better than in the words of the Commissioners:

"The traditional policy of the Commonwealth in regard to the development of the railroad system, so far as it has interfered at all with a natural growth through private enterprise, has been simple and based on obvious principles. It took its rise in the condition of affairs which existed in Massachusetts at the time when steam locomotion was first introduced, and has been continued, without much regard to alteration in circumstances, to the present day. The key to that policy has ever been found in a ruling desire to open new and broader channels of commerce with the West. Before the possibility of crossing the Berkshire hills by steam was imagined, a canal had already been projected and surveyed, which was to pierce the mountains by a tunnel, not far from where the work is now going on in the Hoosac range, and was to connect Boston, by water, with Albany and the Erie Canal. This project was conceived by Colonel Loami Baldwin; and the surveys and estimates are still to be found among the archives in the State House. The invention of the railway and steam locomotive superseded this plan, and the attention of the community was immediately directed towards attaining the same end by the newly discovered means. The Western Railroad was projected and chartered in 1833, and the Commonwealth first identified itself with the system of railroad development in 1836 by subscribing to ten thousand shares of the capital stock of the enterprise. The precedent then established has since been followed in repeated instances. State aid, as the loan of the credit of the State to private corporations has been called, has been granted to many railroads, but almost invariably to corporations formed with a view to what is called 'through business'; and, in the great majority of cases, to through business with the West. As a result of this liberal system, without considering the Northern lines, connecting directly with the West *via* Ogdensburg, or the Old Colony and Newport, and Boston and Providence, connecting with the same region *via* Long Island Sound and New York City, none of which lines have ever been subsidized by the State, Massachusetts and its railroad centre, the city of Boston, now have completed, or in rapid process of completion, three distinct through lines connecting with the interior of the continent. To these three lines—the Boston and Albany, the Boston, Hartford and Erie, and the Troy and Greenfield—the State has already involved itself to the extent of \$15,000,000. All these lines, be it remembered, have been thus subsidized simply to render Massachusetts and Boston as accessible to the West as the other seaboard States and commercial centres. The whole railroad policy and nearly the whole of the railroad agitation and discussion for thirty years have been directed to this end. Other interests have been ignored or considered only incidentally; but those who have come to the State House with any project of development or reform, whether asking for money, or for special legislation, or for power to take property, or for acts of consolidation, have ever been attentively and favorably listened to, provided only they professed to have this end in view. It will not be denied that an absorbing desire to successfully compete in the field of Western export and import trade has, from the outset, been the leading feature of the public railroad policy of Massachusetts."

This policy has not resulted, the report continues, in any marked success. "Whatever the cause may be, it is matter of record that there are several great trunk lines running to other seaboard cities, any one of which yearly transports to and from those cities and the West much more than all the lines running from Boston to the West now do." Not only so, but the foreign commerce of Boston is at a standstill; Western produce, instead of leaving Massachusetts ports for foreign consumption, is "annually landed at them in great quantities from other cities, to supply the domestic consumption;" and, finally, foreign steamers have been withdrawn from Massachusetts waters for lack of freights.

The conclusion which would naturally be drawn from these facts is that Massachusetts and Boston are, in a material point of view, declining in importance. But this conclusion is contradicted by the most unimpeachable statistics. Although the value of articles exported from Massachusetts in 1855 was twenty-eight millions, and in 1869 this had decreased to thirteen millions; although the imports in 1855 were forty-five millions, and in 1869 still forty-five millions; although the population of the State is to-day not greatly larger than it was in 1855; yet, between the years 1855 and 1865, the value of articles produced had increased from two hundred and ninety-five to five hundred and seventeen millions, and between 1850 and 1865 the valuation of all property had risen from six hundred to a thousand millions. That this increase has continued since the year 1865 no one doubts who has any familiarity with

the condition of the State. The evidence on this point, however, is not confined either to State returns or to vague conjecture:

"The returns of sales to the internal revenue officials furnish the most reliable basis of comparison, as representing most nearly the volume of the business transactions of the several parts of the country. In these returns, Massachusetts stands, among the States of the Union, second only to New York, returning ten per cent. of the whole amount returned—sixty-six per cent. more than Pennsylvania, seventy-seven per cent. more than Illinois, and more than three times those of any other State. When it is remembered that these comparative results represent a State which contains about three per cent. of the population, and a quarter of one per cent. of the territory, of the United States, it is wholly superfluous to add any further evidence of the extreme improbability of any present or immediate material decadence."

And now, what is the reason of this strange state of affairs? Why is it that Massachusetts grows rich, while her commerce year by year declines, and her traffic with the West has come to an end? The explanation is a simple one: that she has become a manufacturing community. Passing through three distinct stages of growth, her wealth at first lay in her fisheries, then in her commerce, and now in her manufactures. There was a time when the fishermen of New Bedford, Newburyport, and Nantucket heaped up treasures that vied with those of the "River Gods" of the Connecticut and the baronial lords of the Hudson. There was a time when the sleepy wharves of Salem and Boston were alive with the commerce of the world; but men live in the days of the trip-hammer and the loom; they acquire wealth and renown by industries of which their fathers knew not even the names; their villages have grown to cities, and their cities have become villages; everything is changed.

Massachusetts has been blindly pursuing a policy inherited from the past, unheeding the alteration which time has worked in her condition. "Bring the products of the West to tide-water, and we shall be prosperous," has been the cry raised by every public man in Massachusetts for the last thirty years. It has never seemed to occur to any one that, if there was such a pressure of products from the West as was on every side asserted, they would undoubtedly find their way to tide-water. There was nothing to prevent the railroads already in existence from applying for leave to build to tide-water, if their freights seeking export were really so enormous. But the railroads did not feel any such pressure. A curious story, illustrating the peculiar mode of reasoning employed by active agitators on this subject, is worth repeating. A gentleman owning a wharf in Boston was visited by another gentleman, who informed him of a law recently passed or introduced requiring owners of wharves to build out to a new line, thus extending their frontage and altering the line of the harbor in accordance with a general plan adopted by the authorities. The visitor described in glowing terms the benefits which would flow from these changes, the number of ships which could thenceforth lie at these wharves, and the great increase of rental they would yield. The wharf-owner listened in silence to the eloquent periods of his friend, and then said quietly, "But, my dear sir, as I can only now, by the greatest exertions, get a single steamer to come to my wharf, how shall I benefit myself by building a larger?" But his argument had no effect; what were arguments to Bostonians who

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;"

and saw in these argosies the means of exporting the products of the West? Such happy enthusiasts we cannot hope to influence, but those with whom cold-blooded arguments weigh for something will be interested in knowing that the Commissioners report that "it does not admit of doubt that, if any one of the lines connecting Boston with the Hudson is ever developed to its full transporting capacity, it alone will suffice for the probable future wants of the people of Massachusetts; should the four lines between the same point and the Hudson or the lakes ever be developed even to the present incomplete degree of the Pennsylvania Central, a population and foreign commerce could be sustained in Massachusetts and Boston more dense and larger than that of Liverpool and Belgium combined."

The conclusion to which these facts all point is, that in attempting to build a vast number of through-lines for a traffic which does not exist, in excavating and perfecting a harbor which no ships seek, in building railroad termini to ship the products of the West at tide-water, when the products of the West no longer come to Massachusetts at all for export, the State has been pursuing a mistaken policy. Her true policy, the Commissioners suggest, is to develop her internal traffic, to make her railroads the highways for her factories, to build domestic lines in every direction, to support and be supported by the zeal and industry of the Common-

wealth—her manufactures. This may seem to many persons too obvious for further comment, but it is not so to the Massachusetts public. That public is still persuaded that a commerce can be built up out of nothing, and the greatest Bostonian patriotism of the present day is held to be the building of ships which find no freight to carry, and which six months after their completion must be sold under the hammer lest they rot at their wharves. At any rate, the question will soon be decided for ever; all the through-lines will in a few months have termini at deep water, and after that, if the products of the West do not come, it is clearly nature, not Boston, that is in fault.

And now, some one will say, Why should you put so much faith in the conclusions of these Commissioners? Why may it not be that there is quite as much to be said on the other side? These Commissioners are human, and the presumption is against them in their innovating suggestions. We reply, that the creation of this Commission is the first rational attempt, in our generation, on the part of the authorities in Massachusetts to obtain anything like a fair report upon the railroad system of the State. Since the building of the Western Railroad, in 1833, there has been nobody in the State, clothed at once with authority, intelligence, and honesty, to direct or even suggest a policy. The result has been that designing men, cleverly turning to account the traditions of the State, and flattering her with false hopes, have wasted her energies in impossible undertakings, to their own gain and her great detriment. The very character of such enterprises as the Hoosac Tunnel and the Boston, Hartford, and Erie would long ago have been exposed if there had been a board of efficient railroad commissioners at the head of affairs.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

AMONG the books destined to popularize the results of Egyptological research, few, if any, will be found so pleasantly instructive as M. de Lanoye's "Rameses the Great; or, Egypt 3,300 Years Ago," which is one of the "Wonder Series" republished here from the French by Messrs. Scribner & Co. It attempts to reconstruct, from the materials already accumulated by that young science, the most brilliant period of the history of the Pharaohs, the period of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the classical writers. And such is the abundance of the materials made available by the skill of investigators and decipherers, that even men of M. de Lanoye's caution in criticism believe that "we have it in our power" to carry such a process of reconstruction "almost to perfection." He bases his attempt, however, on the investigations of others and not on his own, though, in judging the authenticity of records and traditions and in selecting critical explanations, he proceeds with the assurance of a specialist who has fully matured his convictions and has no hesitation in maintaining them, if need be, against the highest authorities. Thus, concerning the more remote periods of Egyptian history he evinces a scepticism almost derisive of the beliefs and labors of the most distinguished Egyptologists of our age, and his view of the origin of the Hyksos, conflicting as it does with the prevalent opinions, is expressed with a positiveness which requires to be supported by a greater display of scholarship than is compatible with the narrow scope of a popular treatise. As such, however, the book is full of information, presented in plain but graphic descriptions, and made more easily intelligible by well-executed illustrations. The translator, we are sorry to add, has done his best to disfigure it by carelessness of execution and revision—the fruit, in part, of ignorance. Forgetting that he writes in English and not in French, he not only uses throughout the author's French orthography in unfamiliar Egyptian and non-Egyptian words, but also gives us *Koush* for Cush, Libanus for Lebanon, *Assour* for Asshur, Heber for Eber, *Gessen* for Goshen (p. 179), *Coudra* (*sic*) for Sudra (p. 89), *Indoukosh* for Hindookosh (p. 118), and so on. Among the misprints, which are numberless, we find such as "two leagues from Thebes" for six hundred leagues from Thebes (p. 104); "a wall of one hundred thousand stadii" for a wall of one thousand five hundred stadii (p. 163); and "in latitude 52°" for in latitude 25° (p. 168); not to mention literal errors. The style of the translation is, however, generally much better than might be presumed from the following specimen (p. 128), which we quote without an alteration:

"Nevertheless, it has been repeatedly affirmed by Champollion, who, in the inscriptions at Karnak and in the Rameseum existing side by side, with the names of barbarous nations, in northern costumes, with shaven heads or their hair raised in a single lock or wisp like that of the 'Red-skins' of America or the Mongols of Asia, declares that he read the title of these *Iouni* whose blue eyes and golden hair Homer was to celebrate some ages later."

In a plump octavo, of 650 pages, entitled "Bible Animals" (New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.), a well-known author of popular works on Natural History, Rev. J. G. Wood, has condensed a large amount of information concerning every living creature mentioned in the Bible. His object has been not simply to do this in an interesting manner, but to assist in the interpretation of the Scriptures: so that, in addition to his numerous citations from the writings of travellers and naturalists, Mr. Wood treats his readers on occasion to discussions as to the mode in which Samson caught and used his incendiary foxes; what sort of "needles' eyes" camels do actually stoop to pass through in Oriental cities; whether the bitter or the hedgehog is the "Kippod" of Isaiah xiv. 23 and Zephaniah ii. 13, etc., etc. This sort of exegesis has a recognized value, and has been not a little resorted to by tourists in the East. Mr. Wood has collected his material with a great deal of industry and discrimination. The pictures, large and small, which accompany the text are unusually spirited and truthful; such as, a few years ago, would have been sought for in vain in works of this character. Meantime, the opportunities of drawing from the life have kept pace with the growth of skilful designers and of pictorial embellishment in popular literature; though it should be remembered that Bewick's vignettes on wood, depicting animals, are as yet unrivalled, and are more than half a century old.

The same house have published Volumes I.-VI., of a series of twelve, of Froude's "History of England," which make a good appearance on the shelf, and are as well printed as need be for those who wish to own the work for its contents and to study it, and can only purchase a cheap edition. All the attention which can be given to the wants of this large class of readers is worthily bestowed, and, what is more, cannot fail to be remunerative. Their library edition of Froude is now completed by the issue of Volumes XI. and XII.—the same whose treatment in the *Saturday Review* has so disturbed the author's equanimity. Of Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s "History of Rome," by Mommsen, two volumes out of four have appeared, and may be reserved for further notice. The price in this case would seem to have warranted somewhat better presswork and paper than the buyer will get, as, though a rather more pretentious book than the Froude, it cannot be read with the same ease by any given pair of eyes. The "Ante-Nicene Christian Library," published here through Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co., is continued in two handsome volumes (XIII., XIV.), of which one can only speak in praise. The Fathers whose works are here translated are, Cyprian; Novatian; Minucius Felix; Methodius; Alexander (Bishop of Lycopolis); Peter (of Alexandria); Alexander (of Alexandria); Clement (of Rome), etc., besides numerous fragments variously ascribed.

Very pretty, indeed, is Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.'s edition of "Christabel, and the Lyrical and Imaginative Essays of Coleridge;" and the essay by Mr. Swinburne is the most satisfactory piece of work from the hand of that gentleman that we have yet seen. In one place he says: "With all fit admiration and gratitude for the splendid fragments so bequeathed of a critical and philosophic sort, I doubt his being remembered, except by a small body of the elect, as other than a poet. His genius was so great, and in its greatness so many-sided, that for some studious disciples of the rarer kind he will doubtless, seen from any point of view, have always something about him of the old magnetism and magic. The ardor, delicacy, energy of his intellect, his resolute desire to get at the roots of things, and deeper yet if deeper might be, will always enchant and attract all spirits of like mould and temper. But as a poet his place is indisputable. It is high among the highest of all time. An age that should forget or neglect him might neglect or forget any poet that ever lived." Barring some of the natural exaggeration of a lyric poet writing about another lyricist, and some of the exaggeration natural to Mr. Swinburne as a man, this seems true enough and well said. But "Poor Lamb" alone would give Coleridge a long lease of men's memories apart from his poems or philosophy.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are publishing, in connection with Mr. John Murray, a new edition of Grote's "History of Greece," in twelve volumes duodecimo, two being issued at a time, and the work having advanced to Vol. IV. Of the history itself it is, of course, superfluous to speak. It is now offered in a convenient form, at the low price of two dollars per volume. The text is condensed, but clear, and the foot-notes also very legibly printed. A more elegant and somewhat cheaper publication is the centenary edition of the Waverley Novels, from the same American house, in connection with Messrs. Adam & Charles Black, of Edinburgh. There will be twenty-five volumes in all, to be completed, if practicable, by August 15, 1871, the centenary of the author's birthday. The size is

crown octavo, the type cast expressly for the edition, and there will, apparently, be one full-page illustration on wood, besides vignettes, in each volume. "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering" are already issued, and are uncommonly handsome books. The literary merit of this edition will consist in annotations derived from Sir Walter's manuscript notes and corrections, and which have never before been published.

Messrs. Sever & Francis publish, under the title of "American Institutions," the first volume of Professor Bowen's edition of "Democracy in America." That is the portion of De Tocqueville's great work in which that philosophic observer sets down his reflections on the political edifice reared in this country by Anglo-American democracy; and if it lacks some of the interest possessed by its author's more general speculations on the influence of democracy upon American society and human nature—upon the American father, child, wife, mother, artist, soldier, business man, man of letters, religionist, philosopher, gentleman—it is even more valuable to the American citizen than those generalizations, as being a text-book in which he may study the nature of the institutions under which he lives, and as being less marred by its author's habit of sometimes petting his theory at the expense of his facts. The book is excellently printed, on paper a little thin, perhaps, is neatly bound, and, altogether, the publishers have done their duty by a book which merits a place in all the schools. A chief danger of our politics at the present time is that the citizens have abdicated in favor of the politicians and the agitators, and that a headlong piling on of fuel and a cunning pulling of wires take the place of an intelligent care for the machinery of government. Perhaps De Tocqueville's work is, not excepting even "The Federalist" itself, the agent best adapted to counteract the folly and the greedy rascality which equally threaten us.

Dr. Hartwig's literary productions deserve a prominent rank among the class of books which combine the highly entertaining with the highly instructive. Their comprehensiveness and solid exactness render them instructive even to scholars; their plainness of diction, liveliness of sketching, and pleasantness of narration render them charming even to children. Their distinctive merit, however, consists in the skilful grouping of an immense variety of natural pictures, embodying, among others, the results of the very latest discoveries into grand, connected tableaux. The "Polar World" (New York: Harper & Bros.) forms a symmetrically executed whole, and although it would require pages to convey to our readers a mere idea of the richness and variety of its descriptions and narratives—descriptions of lands and seas, of faunas and floras, of man and his habits; and narratives of journeys, voyages of discovery, and adventures—yet the author has been able in a few words to characterize its entire scope and range. His object was, he says, "to describe the Polar World in its principal natural features, to point out the influence of its long winter night and fleeting summer on the development of vegetable and animal existence; and, finally, to picture man waging the battle of life against the dreadful climate of high latitudes of our globe, either as the inhabitant of their gloomy solitudes, or as the bold investigator of their mysteries." As in the volume on Egypt, the English editor has made sad work with the orthography of proper names. As Siberia and the other Polar regions of the Russian empire occupy a very important place in the book, the English reader is thus as frequently as unnecessarily tormented with very strange names, the sounds of which, if read in the English way, are often as barbarous and unpronounceable as they are remote from the true pronunciation of the Russian. And no note warns the reader that what he has before him is neither the Russian nor the English name, but a German equivalent for the former, which, if the reader has learned to do it, must be pronounced in the German way: that "Wasiljewitsch," for instance, stands for Vasilievitch, and "Shtschegolow" for Shtchegoloff. The American reprint has made the evil considerably worse by "changing the orthography of a few geographical and ethnological terms so that they shall conform to the mode of representation usual in our maps and books of travel," and thus destroying the rule, and making it impossible even to the reader who knows German to find his way through the bewildering maze of unnatural and contradictory spellings. And to make the general confusion still worse confounded, the changes thus avowedly introduced have not been carried through consistently. Thus the "Note by the American Editor" announces the substitution of *Nova Zembla* and *Samoiedes* for *Novaya Zemla* and *Samojedes*, and yet in various chapters the last-named forms are repeatedly used. If to all this our readers add a number of misprints, they may be able to form an idea of the orthographical Babel presented by the American edition. The illustrations contained in this reprint have been substituted for the less numerous original ones, and the American editor has also

added two chapters on "Alaska" and "The Innuits," the former in the middle of the book—which appears to us a proceeding of doubtful propriety. The additions are, however, very interesting and richly illustrated.

Messrs. Harper & Bros., carrying their war with Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. into Africa, have published, both in cloth and paper, "The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson," with illustrations, in one volume. The page is divided into two columns, like that of the "Monthly," except in the case of "Locksley Hall," and by employing small type there must be an approach to completeness in the collection, though it does not lay claim to it, and we have not examined it to judge. Tennyson's last volume is included, and we still have a thinnish book of but 232 pages.

Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. (New York: Macmillan & Co., and Charles Scribner & Co.)—This "Journal" is a novelette of a kind not different, so far as the story and the characters go, from thousands of love tales that are printed in the magazines, and is written in verse, which, as a matter of fact, may or not be Mr. Coventry Patmore's, but which might be his so far as concerns its qualities as verse. What gives it an interest above that which one ordinarily feels in such novelettes is, first, that it is written in verse, and in verse so good; and, secondly, that it is puzzling to think who did it, and why. Was the writer a man or a woman? Were its successes designed, or are they to be accounted for by the fact that the writer was photographing experiences previously felt? Is the hero of the tale only the hero of the tale, or is he veritably a hero in the eyes of the author of it? In short, is "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" essentially a journal—some writer's actual beliefs, and opinions, and views of life put into print; or is it an artistic composition? Something of both, we incline to think; though, on the whole, we are disposed to leave the reader at liberty to form his own opinion after he has spent his half-hour or so—not an unpleasant half-hour—over the book itself. We fancy that it might have been written by a good-hearted, good-headed woman, unmarried, with a kind contempt for the ordinary "silly girl" who has somehow been made a bride; with a partial pity for the grave man who wears the chains of the heedless creature; with a high idea of woman's duty to her husband; with all the faith of the good woman in the sort of man whom men call a prig; and with a full share of a willingness common among unmarried women to step in and offer up the frivolous wife on the altar of sacrifice whenever they see that the mistaken young pink-and-white thing is causing unhappiness to the husband. The story of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" is, in brief, as follows: Mrs. Jerningham is married to John before she has been in love with him or anybody else—while yet a young girl. He is not the sort of person who makes other people comfortable, and, by and-by, Mrs. Jerningham is made to feel that her husband is serious and profound, and that she is a slight and trivial creature. He advises a course of solid reading; she prefers balls; he objects to waltzing; she likes waltzing; he approves of solemn demeanor; she has a weakness for flirting—flirting in rather a milk-and-watery way, to be sure, but still flirting; he becomes sulky; she, whatever she does, harmless or otherwise, makes him sulkier; and at last he leaves her in a rage and betakes himself to Spain. All this part of the story is epicene to a troublesome degree, and whether the writer is man or woman is a question about which readers of the quarrel will not find it easy to make up their minds. Of course John comes back at last, and we leave the pair as happy as if the husband were not "insensible" and the wife were not "silly." The extract following is a fair specimen of the author's manner:

"I learned how deep his love had been:
Poor love—by folly kept at bay;
And how his heart had crowned me queen:
Poor queen—who flung her crown away.
"How wrath and love may be the same,
And wrath be hard and love be shy;
And as I learned I blushed with shame
At such a shallow thing as I!
"Dead fell repentance, fear, and strife,
Lost in a heaven of delight—
To be a loved and loving wife,
Measureless rapture—height of height!
"O John! this sick-room life is sweet,
Don't get too well as days unfold;
I can't sit smiling at your feet
When in your bank you count your gold."

Twisted Threads. By M. D. Nauman, author of "Sidney Elliott." (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1870.)—This is a little story which has nothing to recommend it but the fact that it is written simply and naturally, and in grammatically correct English. But even

these merits are found rarely enough in young ladies' novels to be worthy of commendation whenever they do occur. For the rest, "Maud Elinor Lennox," the heroine of the book, is a sufficiently natural young woman, who writes weak sentiment in her diary, which we fancy to be not unlike that confided to similar receptacles by her prototypes in real life. There is a plot, which is rather complicated and tolerably silly, and a well-considered conclusion, in which everybody gets what he wants, and the skein of life is fairly untangled. We must have new books, we suppose, or how would native genius be cultivated and the way made straight for the "Great American Novel?" And since these things must be, books like this, which is pure in sentiment, written without affectation, and free from the presumption of ignorance, would be worthy of a word or two of praise if the praise could be quite dissociated from encouragement. Although Miss Nauman has very little to say, and that little is not of overwhelming importance, she expresses herself well and clearly, which, of course, is better than saying equally little in such an awkward, unliterary, or even illiterate way as some other of our ambitious minor novelists do.

*• Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

Authors.—Titles.	BOOKS OF THE WEEK.	Publishers.—Prices.
Brown (Mrs. H. E.), Abroad; or, Scenery in Europe.....	(Am. Tract Society)	\$1 50
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Lecture-Room Talks.....	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 75
Coit (Rev. T. W.), Lecture on Ecumenical Councils, swd.....	(Hartford)	
Chadwick (Rev. J. W.), Sermons and Life of Rev. N. A. Staples.....	(W. V. Spencer)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Cyclopaedia, Nos. 23, 24, swd.....	(T. Ellwood Zell)	1 00
Dumont (Mme. M.), Velvet-Coat, the Cat: a Child's Story.....	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	
Dwinelle (J. W.), American Opinions on the "Alabama" and other Political Questions, swd.....	(John Wiley & Son)	
Edward Wortley Montagu: an Autobiography.....	(Turner & Co.)	1 75
Froude (J. A.), History of England, Vols. XI., XII.....	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	6 00
Guillemin (A.), The Sun.....		1 50
Gage (Rev. W. L.), Studies in Bible Lands.....	(Am. Tract Society)	2 00
Grey (Hon. Mrs. Wm.), Journal of a Visit to Egypt, etc.....	(Harper & Bros.)	
Garibaldi (Gen. G.), The Rule of the Monk: a Tale.....	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Hart (J. S.), How to Select a Library, swd.....	(J. C. Garrigue & Co.)	
Journal of Social Science, No. 2, 1870, swd.....	(Leypoldt & Holt)	1 50
Johnson (Prof. S. W.), How Crops Feed.....	(Orange Judd & Co.)	2 00
Kitchel (Rev. H. D.), Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, swd.....	(Nat. Temp. Soc.)	
Potter (Rev. A.), The Drinking Usages of Society, swd.....		
Randall (S. S.), History of the State of New York.....	(J. B. Ford & Co.)	1 75
Steele (Mrs. A. C.), So Runs the World Away: a Tale, swd.....	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
The American Catalogue of Books for 1869, swd.....	(Leypoldt & Holt)	
Taupheus (Baroness), Cyrilla: a Tale, swd.....	(Turner & Co.)	0 50
The Bible in the Public Schools; Arguments, and Decisions of the Court.....		
Waring (G. E., jr.), Earth-Closets and Earth-Sewage.....	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	2 50
	(Tribune Assn.)	0 50

Fine Arts.

MUSIC.

OPERA MUSIC.

OPERA this winter has fared badly. Maretzek has fled ignominiously beyond seas. On this side the Atlantic stand his creditors, wringing their hands; on the other, that Napoleon of impresarios is meditating new levies and fresh campaigns. Staten Island was the Elba to which it was once thought he had gone in perpetual exile. But last fall, in an ill-fated moment, he set on foot a new enterprise; and now his forces are scattered, and he, a fugitive, leaves deputy sheriffs and the stockholders of the Academy to mourn his loss.

The disaster that befell the Russian operatic enterprise was no less signal. The poor prima donna of that company came to grief in a New York police court, being charged with running off with the Manager's money-belt; and the difficulty was renewed before a Boston tribunal when the company went to that city. But the opera itself had been a distressing failure before the singers went to law. Finally, some short-sighted persons, mindful of the zest with which the public so short a time ago received opéra bouffe, undertook to revive that hallucination. But the fickle public was sick and weary of the gaudy French folly, and turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of Offenbach and Mrs. Howard Paul. Not that it had become virtuous, but that it was satiated with the sugar-coated musical bonbons.

The Russian opera failed because it was too slow, the French opera because it was too fast, and the Italian because it was too stale. Maretzek had but one tenor whom any one cared to hear. This tenor, Lefranc, had a superb voice, but he had not been musically educated. Rumor said that he had been a farrier in the French army during the Crimean war, and afterwards a conductor on a railway. At all events, he knew only two or three old operas, and when the public got tired of the repetition of these, the doors of the Academy had to be closed, for there was nothing new to offer. Meantime we have not been left entirely without music. There have been concerts both private and public. The principal of the former

was that of the Church Music Association, given week before last at Steinway Hall. This was the second concert of this young and prosperous association. It is increasing in numbers, and in the excellence of its work. Dr. Pech, too, has improved even more than his chorus. We took occasion in a former issue to refer to the distressing personality there was in his method of conducting. Pech was so conspicuous, so elaborate, so noisy, and so demonstrative, that it required one's undivided attention to watch his manœuvres, and to wonder what he would do next. The chorus and orchestra became secondary affairs. The director was the all in all. But Dr. Pech has modified himself. He conducted at the last concert with a dignity and quietness that was worthy of all praise. If now he will go to a Philharmonic rehearsal, and watch Mr. Bergmann, he will learn that a baton that traverses two feet of space may be just as suggestive of the proper tempo as though the sides of the right angle it describes were twenty feet each.

The pieces performed at the last concert were Haydn's Sixteenth Mass and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. The former was very well sung, the latter very badly. The Association was especially unfortunate in one of the soloists in the latter piece. Mendelssohn's work, too, had been very insufficiently rehearsed, and really was cruelly treated in parts. Some of the tenors seemed to be nothing more than baritons forcing their voices. When they could not sing a high note, they took the next nearest within their reach. This plan somewhat interfered with the composer's intentions, and produced combinations that had not occurred to him. The orchestra, however, and the nucleus of professional singers, about which the amateurs gathered, helped the chorus through. The audience was as fine a one as it was possible for New York to gather. The men who stand at the head of their several callings, and the women who give tone and character to the best society of the city, were present. No higher compliment than their attendance could be paid to the Association. What it should give in return is fidelity to the work in hand. Faithful attendance at the rehearsals should, above all, be an obligation paramount to every other social engagement. Only in this way can they avoid the danger of a mortifying failure that so nearly attended their performance of some parts of the *Lobgesang*.

We have one further suggestion to make to Dr. Pech. It is that he attempts too much. A wise doctor used to say that it was far better to get up from the table hungry than surfeited; and it is equally true that a concert had better be too short than too long. Dr. Pech's are too long. His audience gets wearied, and straggles out during the last half-hour of the performance in the most rude and confusing way. This demoralized the chorus at the last concert, they looked wistfully after their retreating friends, and sang *ad libitum*. If Dr. Pech attempts to give, as he proposes, at his next concert the whole of Beethoven's Mass in C, the second part of Oberon, and an orchestral work, the consequence will be threefold. First, he will have given his chorus more than they can properly rehearse in the interim, and some of the pieces will be slurred; secondly, he will give his audience more than they care to listen to, and they will go out; thirdly, he will have to omit something at the last moment, and some of his hearers or singers will be sure to be out of temper in consequence.

MADRIGAL MUSIC.

Let the lovers of English madrigal music take heart. There is plenty of it in store for them. The two rival societies are about to take the field. One of them is the offshoot of the other. The parent-society is a little jealous of its progeny, and more than a little indignant at several things it has done; the progeny in its turn resents the anger of its elder. This little mutual irritability will probably develop itself in a new form—that of hard work. Neither organization will wish to be outdone by the other. Both are coming before the public at the same place—Steinway Hall—and about the same time. Each will attend the concerts of the other as auditors, and in an actively critical spirit. If the tenors flatten, there will be sharp ears to hear. If the basses roar when they ought to coo, some one will smile sardonically. Both societies will therefore be on the alert. Every expressive mark will be carefully looked after; the effect of every note carefully weighed. In this coming duello of harmony the outside public has everything to gain and nothing to lose. The deeper the rivalry, the more they will profit by it. We shall certainly have some famous madrigal singing. And not only madrigals, for the parent society intends to step up on higher ground. Mendelssohn, in one of his classical moods, determined to set to music the choruses to certain of Sophocles's plays. His *Antigone* and *Edipus* music was the result. At Berlin they make it a religious duty to perform one or other of these works every year. The elder madrigal club is to give us the benefit of its studies in

this direction; they will also perform selections from Haydn's passion music, rarely, if ever, heard in this country, and portions of Mendelssohn's psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came."

Finally, in enumerating the musical enterprises for which we have to be grateful, the Parepa-Rosa company now giving performances of opera in English at the Academy is not to be overlooked. They began on Monday of this week with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," a continuation of the loves now turned to intrigues of the Count Almaviva and Rosina, his wife. The work supplements Rossini's "Barber of Seville." The Parepa-Rosa company sing it exceedingly well, though the work

derives no advantage from its English dress, the fact being that the articulation of nearly all public singers is so indistinct that only a word is caught here and there, not enough to enable one to follow the thread of the story.

On the whole, then, though Maretzek has fled, and opéra bouffe is dead, and Russian opera has gone to the burial as chief mourner, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that in the absence of all these foreign tongues honest English has its day, and that we have a fine opera company in the present and some first-class glee and madrigal music in prospect.

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